WAIFS IN VERSE.

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WAIFS IN VERSE

BY

G. W. WICKSTEED, Q. C.

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TO

MY WIFE, MY CHILDREN AND MY FRIENDS

THIS VOLUME IS

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

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APOLOGY

FOR MY

WAIFS IN VERSE.

GENTLE READER AND FRIEND,

Except only in the matter of *dollars*, any intention of making which by the sale of my Waifs I utterly renounce,—the Preface I wrote for my good friend Mrs. Grant's "STRAY LEAVES," so nearly states the inducements which led me to print this little volume, and the spirit in which I wish you to read it, that on the points which that preface touches I need scarcely say more:—and I have, therefore (contrary to my general rule) placed it first in my table of contents. But the reasons therein given for bespeaking your favorable criticism, relate only to the quality of the articles, and I must therefore say something about their matter and spirit. They are indeed WAIFS, born of the occasion and with no object beyond it; and so little care had I taken of them, that many were lost altogether, and but for the kindness of some of my friends who had kept copies of them, and more especially of my brother and my excellent friend the late Honorable Judge Black of Quebec, I should have been unable to collect enough to make this modest little book: and as WAIFS, written each for its own special occasion, and generally at the instance of some friend whose views and feelings it was to express, I wish them to be judged. Many of

those which may seem most trivial to the general reader, will be most acceptable to some of my dearest friends, from the pleasant memories they will awaken. For the rest, I must not hope entirely to escape the application of Mrs. Grant's confession: I *may* have a modest wish for honorable mention in the Canadian List of Authors, as having written something besides Statutes and Tables of Statutes;—

> In Morgan's useful book my place is small;
> In stately Taylor's work I've none at all;—

I *may* have a secret aspiration for a higher place in the former and some little obscure niche in the latter:—"Vanity perhaps assisting."—I have arranged the pieces almost always in the order of their birth, and the earlier ones are therefore the most sentimental. I was young then and am old now; but hope you will think the lines on old Christ Church, and the touching *In Memoriam* to the *Times*, shew that in my old age the quality is not quite extinct in me.—

But, you may ask, why should I, a rather ancient Q. C. and Law Clerk to the House of Commons, write and print verses.—My good friend, what I have done officially is the very reason and justification for what I am doing now. An English author apologizing for his hero, an apothecary, who attaches a short poem to the neck of his physic vial, exclaims,—

> "Apothecary's verse!—and where's the treason?"
> "If patients swallow physic without reason?"
> "It is but fair to add a little rhyme;"—

and asks indignantly—

> "Can n't men have taste who cure a phthisic?"
> "Of poetry tho' patron God,
> "Apollo patronizes physic."

Now I have helped to make the public to swallow some thousands of pages of heavyish reading prescribed by legislative

doctors, in the shape of laws, and am I not therefore, not merely entitled, but bound in fairness, to give them a *little* rhyme? Lawyers and Legislators have been poets. A grave Lord Chancellor of England in advising students at law as to the distribution of their time, after bidding them give six hours to the study of "equal laws," and certain other hours to other things, tells them to give the rest to the Muses,—"*Quod superest ultrà sacris largire Camœnis.*"—Talfourd was a sergeant-at-law when he wrote "Ion," on the beauties of which our leading littérateur is so fond of discoursing.—The late Mr. Joseph Howe and Mr. D'Arcy McGee, both published some very capital poetry. I do not know that any of our present leading politicians have distinguished themselves in verse, but they must have the main element of poesy in them, when their very opponents acknowledge their speeches to be 'full of invention,' and "of imagination all compact."—On this point therefor I am justified by precedent and authority as ample as a lawyer could wish for.

But you may perhaps object, that I have occasionally been a little harder on public men and their doings than befits my position:—that I by no means inculcate tee-totalism as becomes the author of a Temperance Bill;—and that I am sometimes slightly critical on my French Canadian fellow subjects. But be pleased, my dear friend, to remember that I almost always wrote in a representative character, and had to express the feelings and views of my constituents, my *non-paying* clients, rather than my own. The Quebec Gazette, under the late John Neilson, and his successor, had its own notions about things in general, and the Coalition in particular, very different from those of the Transcript, a literary paper edited by Mrs. Grant;—while the Pilot differed from both;—and when I said in the New Year's Address of the latter, that Mr. Hincks,—

> "Would the Taxes impose in so charming a way,
> "'Twould be bliss to receive them and pleasure to pay;"

my Muse was in charge of her Pilot, and steered my verses as he directed, and if Mr. H. did not *quite* fulfil her vaticination, it was not my fault,—nor perhaps his; he tried his best, as Mr. Cartwright is doing now; and even *he* may possibly come short, and the complete accomplishment of the prophecy, may be left for the Finance Minister of the Millenium.—Then as to Temperance;—I am myself fond of cold water,—but I was not to sing my own songs. Lord Byron complains of being expected to make Lucifer talk like a Clergyman; and no one who knew my friend Archibald Campbell, Esq., Her Majesty's Notary Public at Quebec, would have thought it natural to make him sing like Father Mathew or a Rouge from St. Roch's.—When I wrote for my worthy brother or Major Lindsay nothing could be more innocent and harmless than my lines.

As to my Gallic fellow citizens, I loved them dearly, as Mr. Neilson did, until they broke out into rebellion, and I love them again (as he would do if alive) now that they are quiet and loyal. They should not have rebelled: but after all they only contended for what we would all now fight to retain. Messrs. Papineau, Viger, Vallières, Lafontaine and Cartier were my tried and honored friends. Of all the Speakers under whom I have served, no one was kinder or more courteous than Mr. Papineau; of all the Ministers I have worked with and for, none more so than Sir George Cartier. I have always loved the eloquent language of France and been conversant with it. I was Translator before I was Law Clerk; and perhaps the most acceptable compliment I ever received, was from Mr. Vallières, when in returning me with thanks a translation I had made for him, he said "*Æquavit ne-dum superavit exemplum.*" I was young then and had a name to make and never forgot the kindness.

The New Year's Addresses are only lively versified memoranda of some of the more marked events of the expiring year, viewed in the spirit of the Journals they were written for, but

they will, I hope awaken many not unpleasant recollections of old times in many of my readers. The Ephemeral Government Bill, and the *Coup d'État*, are but short chapters in rhyme of the history my heroes *made;* and the White Wash Bill is a versified "Tract for the Times."—The "Little Gun" is the only article into which any thing like personal feeling entered. With the help of Messrs. Hincks and Dunkin, I amended the Attorney General's Seignoriai Bill, and abolished that opprobrium of the seigniorial tenure, the *lods et ventes*, or mutation fines. We did not think we got our full share of credit for this work. Hence our little squib. But we are all good friends now, and have been for the four and twenty years since past. L. T. D. and Mr. Dunkin were made judges, Mr. Hincks became Sir Francis and a Governor, and I got my Q. C. not undeservedly I trust, for apart from this great service to Lower Canada, few men have given H. M's advisers more *accepted* advice than I have done. I was told that on *this* occasion I came near upsetting the good ship Coalition, but the Attorney General kindly gave way and relieved the strain, and she swam upright again.

With this exception I never had a misunderstanding with Minister or Member;—yet before this year is out I shall have been fifty years in my present office of Law Clerk and Translator, and forty of these as Chief: nor has any one ever said that I gave undue preference to any party or person, though it has depended on me that many *thousands* of bills should be examined, printed, corrected, noted, translated and put through all their stages, each in its lawful order and turn; and a very considerable portion of them had to be drafted or amended. I made many a Bill for the Legislative Assembly of Lower Canada, and translated the famous 92 Resolutions;—was chief Assistant to Mr. Attorney General Ogden in the time of the Special Council and helped to make (among others) the first Registration Bill and Municipal Bill for L. C., and the first Board of Works

Bill.—For the Legislature of the United Canadas, I drafted, under Mr. Draper's instructions, the first Municipal Bill for U. C., the first Post Office Bill under Mr. Lafontaine's, and the first Currency Bill under Mr. Hincks's, and a great many others under divers Ministers and Ministries from 1841 to 1867; and for the Parliament of Canada I have, under divers Ministries also, drafted, consolidated, revised, amended, or had some not unimportant part in, almost every Public Bill which has originated in the House of Commons, and have worked with and for almost every Minister and every Member of note. I am proud to say that the best and ablest on either side have ever treated me with the most consideration and confidence. I am by nature and habit non-partizan and inclined to look at both sides of every question, and this was well, for no party man could perform the duties of my office with pleasure to himself or satisfaction to the House. Party spirit has run high, and Members have said hard things and accused one another of all sorts of abominations, in the heat of party strife;—but this I can say,—no one of any party has ever asked me to draft or help to draft, bill, clause, amendment or resolution which I do not think he honestly believed to be for the good of Canada independent of party:—and I feel sure that the foremost men on either side, whom I am proud to call my friends, might, and would in their calmer moments, fairly say to those of their opponents worthy of their steel,—

> "I've done as *you* have done,—that's what I could,—
> "Induced as you have been,—that's for my country."

I have ventured to finish with a National Anthem for Canada. There are plenty of poems and songs about "Canada First," and woods and lakes and mountains, and maple leaves and beavers, many of which are very pretty in themselves, but want concentration, and are not *singable* to any tune that any

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body knows. I have tried to avoid these objections; and trust there is little of the expletive or diffusive in my wording, while my theme is widely patriotic, and my tune known and sung or played wherever the British flag flies. There can be no National Anthem but "God save the Queen" for Her Majesty's Dominion of Canada.

OTTAWA, 23 April, 1878. G. W. W.

Preface
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Hymn
Song,
To my
Song,
To my
Hymn,
Hymn,
Sampso
Advent
104th
Epitaph
Horace
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CONTENTS.

Preface to "Mrs. Grant's Stray Leaves" 1
Song, "As slowly glides from Shore the Bark" 3
Sicilian Mariner's Hymn 4
Hymn at Sea 5
Song, "Partant pour la Syrie" 6
To my Friends in England 7
Song, "Rousseau's Dream." 10
To my Sister, with Thomson's Seasons 11
Hymn, "Adeste fideles." 11
Hymn, "German Hymn." 12
Sampson's Prayer 13
Advent Hymn 13
104th Psalm 14
Epitaph on a young Lady 15
Horace: Ode XV, Lib. 1. "Pastor quum traheret 16
" Ode XXX, Lib. I, "Persicos odi, puer, apparatus." 18
Martial VII., 89, "I, felix rosa." 18
Epitaph on a favourite Cat 19
Epitaph on a favourite Dog 20
Song, "Donne l'Amore." 21
New Year's Address;—*Star, Quebec*, 1830 22
L'Amore Dominatore 25
Beautiful Things 30
Sonnet to a God-daughter 31
Song, "The Constitution." 32
Song, "Phrenology" 33
Song, "St. George." 35
Song, "St. Andrew's night." 37
Sung, "Men of Scotia's blood and land." 38
The Bombardier's recruiting song 39
The Quebec Debating Club, Song 42
Song for Sir Isaac Newton's Birthday 44
Epigram—Plains of Abram 45
The Ladies' Address to Lord Gosford—Nobody gives us a Ball 46
The Fancy Ball, Lord Dufferin's 48
The Devil's Extra, a *Real* Fancy Ball, of the Rebellion 50
Lord Gosford's answer to the Ladies' Address 52

Songs of the Volunteer Officers 53
With Artillery Accompaniment 56
The Ladies' Address to the "Inconstants." 59
The "Inconstants" Answer 61
Sonnet to my wife with "The British Poets." 63
Canadian Pic-Nic Song "Vole, mon cœur, vole 64
An Album's petition 67
To my Sister 68
New Year's Address, *Quebec Transcript*, 1839 69
A. W. to M. K. 71
New Year's Address, *Quebec Gazette*, 1839 71
New Year's Address, *Quebec Transcript*, 1840 76
G. W. W. to M. K., 1840 78
The Lady's Answer 79
Baptismal Address: a Sonnet 81
An Ordinance respecting Albums 81
Birthday Sonnet; with a Theological question 83
New Year's Address, *Quebec Gazette*, 1840 84
The North Shore Railroad, 1847 87
New Year's Address, *Pilot*, 1849 89
The Carrier's Carol,—*Quebec Gazette*, 1849 92
Epitaph on Mr. John Neilson 93
The Steam Excavator or Patent Irishman, Latin Ode 95
The Carrier's Chaunt,—*Quebec Gazette*, 1850 96
The Little Gun:—Exhibition of 1854 100
The Carrier's Coalition Address, *Quebec Gazette*, 1855 103
The Patriotic Fund:—Committee's Address 106
H. M. Ephemeral Government;—a Conservative Coup d'Etat 108
In Memoriam:—Old Christ Church 112
New Christ Church;—The Attack 113
New Christ Church:—The Defence 115
Thule or Thulè, a Joint Stock Poem 118
In Memoriam *Temporum* 131
Epitaph on By-Town 132
The White Wash Bill 132
The Coup d'Etat (Reform) 134
The Queen's Birthday—Toasts 135
National Anthem 136
Notes 139

..... 53
..... 56
..... 59
..... 61
..... 63
..... 64
..... 67
..... 68
..... 69
..... 71
..... 71
..... 76
..... 78
..... 79
..... 81
..... 81
..... 83
..... 84
..... 87
..... 89
..... 92
..... 93
..... 95
..... 96
..... 100
..... 103
..... 106
t..... 108
..... 112
..... 113
..... 115
..... 118
..... 131
..... 132
..... 132
..... 134
..... 135
..... 136
..... 139

WAIFS IN VERSE.

PREFACE

To Mrs. Grant's "Stray Leaves."

Written at her request.

Should you ask me, gentle Reader,—
Very kind and gentle Reader,—
Easy, kind, and soft subscriber
To the volume now before you,
How I came to write this volume,—
What inducement made me print it,—
How I hope to pay the printer!—
I should answer, I should tell you,
In the strain of Hiawatha:—
I had not the least intention,
When I penned my modest verses,
That they ever in a volume
Should collected be, and printed;
Printed, prefaced, bound, and published!
Thus it happened:—From my childhood,

Like young Pope, "I lisped in numbers"
(All, I fear, we have in common,)
And whene'er occasion prompted,
Slight or weighty, grave or merry,
Birth or burial, christening, wedding.
Sad removal, happy meeting,
Tearful parting, joyous greeting,
Action brave or patriotic,
Faithful love or warlike daring,
I must have my "lines" upon it,
Venting all my soul in rhyming.
As I grew in years and stature,
Editors my verses welcomed,
Friends around me kindly flatter'd,
Urged me to collect and publish,
Offered to become subscribers,
Offered to procure me others;
Talked of profits, talked of dollars,
(Things I very sadly needed,)
Talked until at last I yielded,—
Vanity, *perhaps*, assisting.
Thus it comes to pass, O Reader,
That I throw me on thy mercy,—
Book and author on thy mercy.

Sages tell us that the medium
Through the which we see an object,
Gives it colour bright or gloomy,—
Gives it ugliness or beauty,
Makes it lovely or unlovely;
Therefore, when thou art perusing
This my unpretending volume,
Read it with the eye of friendship,
Read it by the light of kindness,

Through good-nature's rosiest glasses:
So its unpresuming pages
Shall for thee seem gay with fancy,
Bright with wit and warm with feeling,
Burning with poetic passion,
Glowing with reflected beauty
From thy heart, O gentle Reader!
Thus shall recompense be made thee,
Fair, and good, and manifold,
And thy dollar be repaid thee,
Like a "greenback" turned to gold.

SONG.*

As slowly glides from shore the bark,
When day's last beam is just departing,
And all around is drear and dark,
Life's saddest tear is starting;—
Nor hope itself can lend a ray
To light the pensive wanderer's way.
Allegro.—Yet morn again shall gild the skies,
And youth's gay visions yet shall rise
To soothe the pain of parting.

How dear is then our native shore,
How dear, to every better feeling,
The smile that fond affection wore
Love's purest form revealing:—
How sad, o'er ocean's waste to roam,
Far from the sacred joys of home.

* Written for a lady and adapted to the Air of "Mary of the Ferry."

All.—But hope shall come with coming day
To chase the heart-felt tear away.
That down the cheek is stealing.

The ship still cleaves her foamy way,
From home and love and friendship gliding,
Opposing still the dashing spray,
And wave from wave dividing:
But onward as the vessel goes
Again the parted waters close:—
All.—So hearts, where love and friendship reign,
Shall only part to meet again,
In mutual faith confiding.

And fiercer now the billows rise,
Against the gallant vessel beating;
Before the gale,—as on she flies
The clouds of night are fleeting;
But winds that part from all that's dear
Serve too our onward path to clear:
All.—So years of painful absence past
Shall, when we meet again at last,
Enhance the joys of meeting.

SICILIAN MARINER'S HYMN.

Holy Virgin chaste and fair
Hear the wandering sailor's prayer;—
Empress of the restless sea,
Let our vows ascend to thee.
Swiftly o'er the swelling tide
Bid our bark in safety glide:

Still the pilot's breast inform,
And shield us from the howling storm.

Holy Virgin, Ocean's Queen,
Let thy mountain star be seen.
While the world is wrapt in sleep
We must roam the pathless deep;
Far from pleasure, peace and home
O'er the bounding wave must roam.
Still the pilot's breast inform
And shield us from the howling storm.

HYMN AT SEA.

Creator of the Waters,—thou whose hand,
Formed them from nothing—and at whose command
The restless winds are hushed, thy guarding arm
Can shield the wanderer on the wave from harm;—
To thee, while o'er the trackless deep,
A pensive exile roaming,
Where angry winds the waters sweep
And broken seas are foaming:
Still ere my soul can sink to rest
My prayers, my vows, are still addressed.

While o'er the desert ocean's dreary waste
Form each dear scene of social joy I haste,
Though me afar the rolling waters bear
My prayers are England's and my home is there:
My dearest wish, my fervent vow,
With more than passion's zeal devoted,
To Heaven's high throne is rising now
For those on whom my heart has doated:—

From pleasure banished let me rove
Where'er thou wilt—but those I love,
Almighty Father!—let thy power
Make happier with each coming hour.

The sun has set, his faintest rays of light
Are streaming from the west, and sullen night
Wraps in her deepest shade the sea and sky:—
One solitary star is beaming high,
Whose dimly seen yet cheering ray
Thro' scenes of thickest darkness glancing,
Still as the foaming waters play,
Upon the high dark wave is glancing.—
—Tho' friends are far and peril near
Faith can the wanderer's bosom cheer,
And beaming on his spirit be
Like the lone star on winter's sea.

SONG.

"PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE."

Parting for Syria's crimson'd fields
The youthful Stanley came
To Mary's hallowed altar, there
Invoked her sacred name.
"Chaste Queen of Heaven," he kneeling cried,
"Oh grant a warriors' prayer:—
"Let me be bravest of the brave
"And love the fairest fair."

He vow'd his vow to Mary there
With every sacred rite,

Then followed Richard to the war
And fields of thickest fight:
True to his vow, 'mid battle's rage
Aloud he shouted there,—
"Let me be bravest of the brave
"And love the fairest fair."

Through him the victory was won:
His gallant leader cried,—
"By thee my glory is obtain'd,
"My daughter be thy bride."
"For this I'd tell my warrior band,
"Tho' Richard's self were there,
"Thou art the bravest of the brave,
"She fairest of the fair."

The war had ceased, and Stanley then
Resought his native land,
And there at Mary's altar soon
Received his Emma's hand;
And all who knew his gallant deeds
And saw his Emma there,
Owned him the bravest of the brave
Her fairest of the fair.

TO MY FRIENDS IN ENGLAND.

Bright in the south now beams the God of day,
And tin-clad roofs return the sparkling ray;
From every chimney silvery vapours rise,
In whitening eddies to the deep-blue skies.
The cold snow creaks the passing foot beneath,
White on his eyebrow hangs the traveller's breath,

The'else sallow cheek with deepest crimson glows,
And mocks the paleness of surrounding snows.

Frost o'er the scene in chilling splendor reigns
And binds St. Lawrence in his icy chains:
From bank to bank rough fields of ice extend,
Save one dark lake—whence steaming mists ascend,
As if the waters breathed. The cariole now
Speeds on its way beneath the tall ship's bow:
The red-tuqued habitants the market throng,
With noisy jokes and rough old Norman song;
The frozen meats now choke the crowded way,
And "coldly furnish forth" the well fill'd sleigh,
Hard hearted greens have felt stern "winter's flaws;"
Geese, turkies, fowls, confess his "biting laws;"—
To brittle fish the grating saw's applied,
And brandished axes solid milk divide.

Now annual visits must be duly paid,
And solemn calls with strict punctilio made;
The knowing whip—with "conscious pride of art."
In ticklish tandem plays the driver's part,
O'er the smooth road his graceful cariole glides,
And spotted furs o'erhang its polish'd sides,
Half the proud seat his blooming partner shares
And muffled to the chin the breath of winter dares.

Now fashion's votaries ply the knocker hard;
Madam's not in,—*tant mieux*—you leave your card:
She is—you enter—taste her cakes and wine,—
Pay compliments,—observe—"the weather's fine
But cold"—she smiles—you bow—and haste away
With other dames the same dull farce to play.

But, scorning fashion's cold and heartless law,
Close to the roaring stove my chair I draw,
Pensive I sit,—thick crowding fancies come,
Thought follows thought and every thought is home.
And memory wakens:—at the enchantress' call
Bright visions rise—and home is in them all.

My father,—blessings be around thee spread,
And many a year fly gently o'er thy head,—
My mother,—oh could words my heart declare—
Expression wrongs the fervent wishes there,
He, whom alone I honour more than thee,
When I forget thee cease to think on me.

Dear Emily—may every coming year
Make thee to me—to all—more justly dear:—
Smooth be thy path—thy every prospect bright—
Thy days unclouded—and thy slumbers light:
A brother's blessing be on thee, my love,
And peace around thy steps where'er they rove.

* * * * * *

Alfred, Horatio,—Shakespeare's honor'd pages
Have told us human life has "*seven stages*:"
Oh may *your* stages with unjolting *wheel*
O'er life's Macadamised causeway steal.
In pleasure's *colors* be each scene arrayed
And hope's gay *varnish* over all be laid,
Honor and faith the *lamps* your course to guide,
And honest hearts the *passengers inside.*

Thou royal throne of kings—thou sceptred Isle,"
Land of my boyhood—where a mother's smile.

First waked my heart to love,—a father's hand
Tended my infant steps, thou dear, dear land;
From thee my feet but not my heart may roam,
Thou, England, art my Country and my Home!
An Exile blesses thee from cot to throne:
May every patriot virtue be thine own:
Thy sons in arts and arms for ever shine,
Valour and beauty be for ever thine:
Thy flag triumphant over ocean wave,
And heaven's protecting arm my Country save!

SONG.

Air—"Rousseau's Dream."

Softly round thy pillow stealing
May love's image still be nigh,
Calling from the depths of feeling
Passion's tenderest, purest sigh:
May kind fancy's touch entrancing
Soothe thy soul with visions blest
Till the sun's first day-beam glancing
Gently breaks thy balmy rest.

May magic tones of music falling
Seem to charm thy list'ning ear,
Joys that long have past recalling—
Bidding long-lov'd friends appear.
Like the moonbeam falling lightly
May thy dreams, dear Mary, be,
Coming o'er thy soul as brightly
As that beam descends on me.

TO E. M. A. W. WITH THOMSON'S SEASONS.

When I am gone, sister, forget me not;
When spring's returning warmth shall call each floweret
To wonted beauty, let affection's sigh
Be breath'd for me: if summer scorch the earth
Or autumn crown it with deep-blushing fruit,
Thro' all the seasons still remember me.
But chiefly when around the winter's fire
With well lov'd friends thou sittest and the tale
Of other days is caught from tongue to tongue,
When music's magic tones shall to thy memory
Recall the hours that we have passed together,
And friends then near us at the potent spell
Shall rise, like phantoms in a summer's dream,
Before thy waking eyes, forget me not.

HYMN.

Air—"ADESTE FIDELES."

When deep'ning thunders roll on high,
And flashing light'nings rend the sky.
While thickening clouds obscure the day
Thy power, Jehovah, we survey.

When summer shines serene and fair
Thy balmy zephyr cools the air:
When autumn's waving crops appear
Thy love with plenty crowns the year.

Thro' the wide world thy power is shown,
In every land thy name is known,

And rocks of ice or plains of sand
Display the same Almighty Hand.

Thee burning Afric's sons confess
Thee frozen Lapland's children bless,
For thou art He by all ador'd,
" Father of all," Creation's Lord.

HYMN.

Air—" German Hymn."

Glory be to God on high,
God whose mercy fills the sky ;
Peace on earth to man be given
Man the well belov'd of Heaven.

Now let men with angels sing
Glory to the Almighty King ;
Praise to him by all ador'd
Halleluiah to the Lord.

When the trumpet of the skies
Bids the buried dead arise,
Rocks shall melt and mountains fall
And boundless ruin swallow all :

Then the sun shall feel decay,
Then the stars shall fade away,
As the fleeting dreams of night
Vanish with the morning's light !

But with awful glory crown'd
Amid the crash of worlds around,
Jehovah's truth for ever fast,
Shall for endless ages last.

SAMPSON'S PRAYER.

Hear Jehovah, thou whose hand
Did the rushing waters close,
When from Egypt's hated land
Israel fled, on countless foes;
Now, while Dagon's sons of shame
Thy avenging arm defy,
While they mock thy sacred name
Hurl thy vengeance from on high.

God of Jacob, hear my vow,
Hear my last—my fervent prayer;
Strengthen thou thy servant now,
Aid the efforts of despair:
On Philistine heads around
Soon this vaulted roof shall fall
Dash'd in ruins on the ground,
And destruction bury all.

He speaks—consenting Heav'n his prayer attends—
He bows,—the fabric falls and thousands die
Beneath its crush—and vengeance is his own.

ADVENT HYMN—(New Verses.)

Now, the sleep of ages breaking,
Hear th'archangel trumpet sound:
Nations from the grave awaking
Rise in countless myriads round.
Halleluiah, Amen.

Earth and sea, their dead restoring.
Shrinking own his awful name:
Bending crowds, their God adoring,
Now the Son of Man proclaim.
Halleluiah, Amen.

He, th'unjust, the proud, th'opressor,
Dooms to never-dying fires:
Pure religion's mock professor
Trembling at his word retires.
Halleluiah, Amen.

But the just and good approving
Who their Saviour's power confess'd,
He'mid saints and angels moving
Leads to endless joy and rest.
Halleluiah, Amen.

Hark! the blest Redeemer praising
Millions join the glorious song:
Golden harps in triumph raising
Seraphim the strain prolong.
Halleluiah, Amen!

104TH PSALM.—(NEW VERSES.)

In light as a robe
Our God is arrayed;
At the voice of His thunder
The hills are afraid.
On the wings of the whirlwind
His chariot is borne
While myriads of angels
His triumph adorn.

O'er the waves of the deep
His messenger flies;
At the voice of his bidding
The billows arise:—
The storm and the tempest
Are hushed at His will,
They hear His rebuking
And ocean is still.

O'er all that hath life
His providence reigns
His goodness created
His bounty sustains:
"To God their Creator,
"Let all creatures raise
"The hymn of thanksgiving
"Of worship and praise."

EPITAPH.

To the Memory of E. M. who died in her 4th year, this Stone is dedicated by her Mother.

"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

To anxious hope, and ceaseless prayer denied,
Here lies a father's joy,—a mother's pride;
Oh, who that marked her infant mind expand
To reasoning thought, beneath the almighty hand,
And day by day beheld new beauties bloom
Could deem she blossomed only for the tomb:—
Could deem nor wit, nor worth, nor youth could save,
Our loved Eliza from an early grave.

Forgive,—Oh God, forgive a mother's tear,
Who dared to murmur at thy judgments here.
A tear like hers the pure Redeemer shed
When holy Martha spake of Lazarus dead;
In the cold tomb the lov'd disciple slept,
The God restor'd him—but the Master wept.

HORACE: Ode XV. Lib. I.

"Pastor quum traheret."

When the perfidious Trojan boy,
Spread his light sails, and bore to Troy
The perjur'd Queen,—the azure main
Stept tranquil, the prophetic strain
Old Nereus waked, th'unwilling winds were still,
While thus the prophet spake the course of future ill:—

"With Gods averse, thou bear'st away
The cause of many a bloody day,
Whom banded Greece shall seek in arms
And spread around the fierce alarms;—
Till Troy shall see her God erected wall
And Priam's ancient house, and Priam's kingdom fall."

"War comes with all his horrid train;
The foaming steed shall snort with pain;
Proud man shall bleed,—the tortur'd horse
Shall spurn the already lifeless corse.—
Lo! Pallas, even now, prepares her dreaded spear,
And shakes her Gorgon shield—while nations quake with fear."

"Trusting to Venus' aid in vain—
Thy lyre shall wake th'ignoble strain;
In vain with soft unwarlike care,
Thy hand shall comb thy golden hair;—
In vain within the shameless harlot's bed
Thou hid'st from Cretan darts thy false dishonor'd head."

"In vain thou shun'st the Grecian sword
And the fierce ire of Sparta's Lord:—
In vain thou fliest with frantic fear
Swift Ajax' hot pursuing spear:
By Grecian steel shall coward Paris die
And soiled in dust obscene his golden tresses lie."

"Seest thou not stern Ulysses here,
The scourge of all thy race, and near
The Pylian sage, while from afar
Teucer, Sthelenus, wake the war;
Both skill'd alike in glory's chase to lead,
To crush the shrinking foe, or rule the fiery steed."

"See Merion to the fight advance
And shake aloft his ready lance,
And haughty Diomed, whom thou,
Forgetful of thy boasting vow,
With panting breast and pallid cheek shalt fly
As flies the trembling stag when the grim wolf is nigh."

"Brief is the time the Gods decree
To tottering Ilion and to thee:—
Pelides' anger may delay
Awhile the inevitable day:—
Yet Troy shall fall at last and her proud dames
Shall see her haughty towers consumed by Grecian flames."

ODE XXX, Lb. 1.

"Persicos odi, puer, apparatus."

Gugy, my boy, I hate the big
Puff'd swelling of an English wig:—
Let it sit, (a better place)
Over some unmeaning face.
Let the tailor's careless hand
Make me a simple gown and band,
These, my boy, sit well on thee,
May they sit as well on me,
Who, beneath thy care discerning,
Drink the stream of legal learning.

MARTIAL VII., 89.

I, felix rosa, mollibusque sertis
Nostri cinge comas Apollinaris,
Quas tu nectere candidas,—sed olim,—
Sic te semper amet Venus, memento.

Imitated.

Go, happy roses, form a wreath around
Apollinaris' hyacinthine hair;
And mind, so love you Venus, it be bound
By you,—long hence,—when snow has fallen there.

EPITAPH.

Scratching, purring, mewing, crying,
Round in giddy circles flying,—
Seeking ever varying plays;—
Thus I passed my kitten days.

These I left:—in cathood's prime,
When soberer joys employed my time,
Fierce rats have trembled at my sight,
And mice their bacon saved by flight.

And lovers tried their amorous wiles:—
I was "a toast upon the tiles,"
And tabby beaux in whisker'd pride
Scamper'd o'er house-tops by my side.

A numerous family I rais'd
For cat-like virtues all were praised;
And slaughter'd mice, and frighted rats
Have proved my kittens' kittens cats.

A mistress too I left behind,
A gentle being, fair and kind,
A little gay light hearted belle.
Who loved her friends and pussy well.

All these I left:—ah! what avail
The gooseberry eye, the graceful tail,
The rosy nose, the shining vest,
The spotted back, the spotless breast?

For he who laughs at charms like these,
And catches cats, as cats catch fleas,
Grim death, my joys with envy saw
And fixed on me his murd'ring paw.

Go reader—learn from pussy's fate
That beauty's but of transient date:
That rosy cheek, or rosy nose,
That splendid fur, or gaudy clothes,
That slender waist, or graceful tail,
'Gain'st the sharp claws of death will nought avail:
And learn from her,—of mortal charms the best,
In cat or woman is the *spotless breast.*

EPITAPH.

Here Phillis lies—weep reader if you will
For all who knew her worth lament her still:—
No angel, tho' by nature's self inspired
To more than human virtues she aspired.
She never once, when fortune's tide grew slack,
On those she once had courted turned her back:—
Faithful thro' life she ne'er betray'd her friends
Nor flatter'd foes to gain her private ends;
And never once,—(ask those who knew her well)
In whisper'd hints aspers'd a sister belle.

Tho' in Hyde-park admired by many a beau,
She went for exercise and not for show.
With graceful ease she bore her beauties rare,
It seemed in truth she knew not she was fair.
And when old time, that foe to mortal charms,
Attack'd her beauties with resistless arms,
Without a sigh she saw her graces fade
Nor curs'd the ravages that time had made.

If thine the boast,—"O'er stiff-neck'd beaux I reign."
From Phillis learn,—all mortal charms are vain;—
In pride of beauty if thine heart beats high—
From Phillis learn, e'en beauty's self must die.

SONG.

Air—"Donne l'amore."

Oh Lady, love is light,
  As summer's breath when lightest:
And fleeting as the bright
  But fading ray of eve:—
If thou receive him,
  Life's early hope thou blightest,
If thou believe him
  He will, he will deceive!
With faithless tears and fickle smiles
  He still the trusting heart beguiles,
Oh never then believe him.

Yet lady, love is sweet,
  Tho' light as summer's breathing,
Like evening's ray will fleet
  But is as heavenly too:—
Wil't thou reject him
  Flowers and thorns enwreathing?—
Wil't thou neglect him
  While yet the dream is new?
'Tis better sure to smile and weep,
  Than sleep the long unchanging sleep
Of hearts that love ne'er waken'd.

NEW-YEARS ADDRESS

Of the Carrier of the Star and Commercial Advertiser *

Quebec, January 1, 1830.

Twice has this earth since we our course begun,
Wheeled on her silent axle round the sun;
Twice has the sun, upon the polar snows,
Arisen and sunk since first our "STAR" arose;
"The beacon of the patriot's course" 't has been.
Not like that star in Cassiopeia seen
A SUN, and then a CINDER.—No; it came
And lit the horison with a steady flame;
With equal motion, unabating force,
Climbs and will climb along its destined course,
Until it reach its zenith.—Shall it fall
Thence like an exhalation—losing all
The glorious light it should for aye reserve,
And leave the world to night—and *La Minerve?*
We cannot tell—the times, alas! are gone,
When poesy and prophecy were one.
But while old Earth along her orbit ran,
And traced the great ellipsis, what has man
Been doing?—Th' autocrat of Russia's nation
Holds the professorship of *Moderation*,
And gives good proof he ought, by merely lunching
On certain Persian Provinces, and munching
A *moderate* share of *Turkey* by the way
Of dinner. There was once a wolf, they say,
Who somehow got a crane's neck in his jaws,

* A College Journal edited by A. S., now Judge S. C., Quebec, and his late brother H. S.

And did *not* bite it off—no doubt the cause
Was the wolf's *moderation*, as he said,
And the crane humbly acquiesced. We read
Rome's founder sucked a wolf, and that may be
The reason why in history's list we see
No nation half so *moderate*, save the Roman,
As are the Russians now,—a fact which no man
Will contradict.—The sword has done its work,
And man has suffered much. The Russ and Turk
Have bled, tho' not alike. War's horrid blast
Has swept across the East, and when it passed,
Destruction marked its course. But then, 'tis true,
Much good has followed—"*Tout est pour le mieux.*"
The blood of nations hath not flowed in vain.
The once bright Crescent now is in the wane;
Now where his fertile shores the Danube laves,
Christians no more shall be the Moslem's slaves.
And, more than all, no longer Greece shall be
The opprobrium of the world; for GREECE IS FREE.—
More good *shall* follow—to its native East
The tree of knowledge hath returned,—its feast
Of goodly kind is spread: By British hands
'Twas planted,—girt by British swords it stands.
Not to forbid approach, but to ensure
The blessings that for ages shall endure:
O'er the dark East the mental day shall spread,
Till Burmah's golden-footed chief shall read
A Burmese "STAR" by gas-light. Usurpation.
Shall but assist thy march, civilization!

Here in the west "Our President" has been
Saying soft things to Europe's "Ocean Queen."
Perhaps some million acres, more or less,
Are worth *that* trouble. Jonathan *may* guess

West India Trade is good, and calculate
That both together will return the state
By way of profit more than cent per cent,
For words employed in well turned compliment.
But give the Devil his due,—" Old Hickory's blood "
Is English—and when he in battle stood
Against us in the field, he only did
His duty to his country. God forbid
We were worse friends for that,—and now his hand
Is stretched in friendship to the gallant land
Whence he and his descended; let us take
The hand he offers with a hearty shake.—

Our "Houses" too will meet, and our respected
Collective Wisdom be again collected;—
Accounts will be examined—rulers taught
Economy—and lectured as they ought
On saving public money, by the light
Of spermaceti candles, night by night.

Twice seven wise men from old St. Stephen's Hall
Where chosen, met, looked wise, and swallowed all
The piteous tale about the dreadful state
Of Canada, and her unfortunate
"Condition:" and the men whose nation owes
Only eight hundred millions, felt the woes
Of Canada, that neither pays nor buys,
Placemen or patriots, ministers or spies,
Army or navy—So they wrote a book
Which their wise brethren here for Gospel took.
And practising the economy they'd hinted,
Ordered six hundred copies to be printed.—

Strange things like these beyond all doubts betoken
Some near and great event. We have not spoken

Our thought before; but we can understand
By signs that the millennium is at hand,
Or just begun. If so, our "House" shall reign
A thousand years, and meet and meet again.
Our Speaker freed from patriotic fears
Enjoy his thousand pounds a thousand years;
A thousand times shall A–B,—right or wrong,
Present his bills a thousand clauses long.
A thousand times our gracious House shall give
The thousand pounds we printers shall receive,—
A thousand judges yet shall feel the lash,
Some thousand witnesses shall touch the cash.
A thousand times shall we repeat our rhymes,
And wish "All health to all" a thousand times.

L'AMORE DOMINATORE.*

"That very strain that mourns a broken vow,
"Is sadly sweet because it breathes of love."

I saw an ancient castle stand
  In varied light and shade,
And softly on its battlements
  The glancing sunbeams play'd.

From many a pictured window there
  Return'd the softened rays:—
The very air the spirit caught
  And breathed of other days.

* Written in humble deprecation of L. E. L.'s attack upon the credit of the rosy god.

And closely there the ivy twined
  Around each warlike tower,
And blooming o'er each pointed arch
  Was seen the sweet wall-flower;

Emblem of ancient days, when love
  Was half the soldier's duty,—
And on the steel-clad warrior's helm
  Was seen the scarf of beauty.

I saw that castle's future heir
  A noble generous youth,
On his clear brow was honor stamped
  On every feature truth.

And yet there was a listlessness
  A languor in his air;
His spirit flashed not from his eye
  And genius slumber'd there.

Time passed:—I saw that youth again
  That listlessness was gone:—
His eye had caught a keener glance
  His voice a clearer tone:—

I marked the poet's glance of fire
  As he raised the glowing song;
I heard an echo sweet and low
  The gentle notes prolong.

And soft as on the breath of spring
  The tender strain arose,—
One word, one oft repeated word,
  Was heard in every close.

In sweeter notes—in clearer tones
  It thrill'd along the grove—
It echo'd back at every pause:
  I listened,—it was,—"Love."

His country calls—her bravest sons
  Rush to the battle-field,
And British arms in Britain's cause—
  The sons of freedom wield.

That youth was first:—on crimson'd plains
  Or on the slippery deck:
He dauntless braved the raging storm
  The battle fire, the wreck.

War ceased—they bound his brows with oak:—
  The youthful warrior came,
And grateful thousands lined the way
  And shouted forth his name.

'Mid thousand faces one alone
  That youthful warrior sought;
'Mid thousand eyes one eye alone
  His answering glance has caught.

The approving look, the timid smile,
  Of yonder blushing maid,
Are more to him than all his fame,
  His toils are overpaid.

For her he fought, for her he bled,
  Her name his song inspired,
Her gentle love the sole reward
  His beating heart desired.

Again—I saw a wedded pair;
  Around their quiet hearth
A group of smiling infants played
  In childhood's reckless mirth.

Fondly around a brother's neck
  A sister's arm was thrown,
Affection smil'd in every look
  Love spoke in every tone.

I mark'd the matron's eye of pride
  I saw the father's smile,—
Envied I then the hearts of those
  Who dare love's name revile?

Time held his course—again I look'd
  And saw an ancient pair:
Each form had lost the grace of youth
  Time silver'd o'er their hair.

One gentle feeling still unchanged
  Each look—each action prove,
It breathes, it speaks in every word
  'Tis chasten'd but 'tis Love.

I turn'd to tales of other days,
  I read the rolls of fame,
They spoke of many a god-like deed
  And many a deathless name.

Yet still I found the noblest hearts
  One softer power could move,
The bravest knelt before his shrine
  The proudest bowed to love.

Rome's haughtiest son on Rome herself*
  The storm of vengeance hurl'd,—
All had been lost,—love spake and saved
  The mistress of the world.

He first in every youthful heart
  Did generous thoughts inspire,
He nerved the warrior's arm in fight,
  He fann'd the patriot's fire.

And more than all—th' immortal verse
  Was taught by him alone,
He glowed within the poet's breast
  And song was all his own.

To thee, oh love—in youth or age
  Life's purest joys we owe,
From thee the sacred ties of home
  From thee its blessings flow.

Hail then to thee, and at thy shrine
  Let every mortal bend,
As husband, father, brother, son,
  As lover or as friend.

"They cannot paint thee,"—for the forms
  Which youthful poets see
When rapt in visions of the Muse,
  Alone can picture thee.—‡

* Coriolanus.

‡ L. E. L's poem ends with

"They cannot paint thee, let them dream
  A dark and nameless thing,
Why give the likeness of the dove
  Where is the serpent's sting."

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.*

Have you heard after all the *pro* and the *con*—
Of counsellor Supple and counsellor Pliant,
When the judge had summed up and the charge was done,
A verdict returned for your own good client?

Have you stood by the clerk to see it recorded
That nothing might happen your hopes to dash—
Have you heard, as you saw it was properly worded,
In fancy the chink of your client's cash?

Have you lost your way in a pathless wood
When the sun was set and the sky growing dark,
And puzzled and tired as in doubt you stood
Have you leapt to hear the watch dog's bark?

Have you stood by the bow of a noble ship
When the place of her building grew suddenly bare;
Have you seen her keel in the waters dip,
Have you heard the cheer that greeted her there?

After Canada's winter have you seen
The St. Lawrence set free by the generous sun:—
While the birds returned and the hills grew green,
Have you heard the first seen vessel's gun?

Have you ever heard, when far away
(As you thought) from all that could breathe of home,
Some song that you learned in a happier day
Like a voice from the dead in a strange land come?

* Written for some ladies and suggested by certain lines they sent with their notions of "Beautiful things."

Have you ever heard Paganini play,
  Or Braham sing his "Robin Adair,"
Or Miss Stephens chaunt "Auld Robin Gray,"
  Have you heard Rossini's "Di piacer."?

Have you sat by a maid you would fain should be
  You own in woe and your own in bliss;
Have you said to that maiden "lov'st thou me"
  And half-felt, half-heard, that she murmured "Yes:"

When the soul that hath gone astray is forgiven,
  The song the rejoicing Seraphim sing
May be sweeter *perhaps*, but on this side heaven
  You shall hear no sweeter, no holier thing.

SONNET.

A Lady to her god-daughter

They tell me you're my god-daughter, dear babby,
And therefore, tho' at verse I'm not a dab, I
Feel that the honor is so great—that on it
I cann't do less than pen a little sonnet.—
And now I am your god-mother, and therefore
If *you* are sinful, *I* must answer;—wherefore
Be a good girl and woman, big or little,
Not breaking toys or hearts tho' both are brittle;
And be not pettish tho' you be a pet,
And if you' re pretty be not a coquette:—
And keep your dresses clean and save your pins,
And say your prayers at night;—or for *your* sins
While *you* are coaxed and flattered, praised and toasted
Perhaps your poor aunt Aggie may be roasted.

SONG.*

Air—"Dido and I."

There's the Rose in our wine,—
And the Shamrock shall be
The mystical sign
Of the proud one in three.
Our good constitution,
Lords, Commons and King,
Which no Resolution
To ruin shall bring:—
And the Thistle, the hardy old Thistle, God bless it,
The Thistle that "*nemo impunè lacessit*,"
Is the type of the bearing we show to our foes
Who dare to provoke Thistle, Shamrock or Rose.

Nor shall Cambria's sons
The occasion let slip,
There's a Leek in their hats,—
There's no leak in our ship;
And the old Constitution
For ever shall be
The bark of the loyal
The brave and the free:—
And the boys from the Shannon, the Tweed and the Wye,
With the sons of the Thames, all her foes shall defy;
Each alike the bold treason of Joey‡ condemns,
Let him come from Tweed, Shannon, or Wye or old Thames.

* Written at the request of H. Black, Esq., and sung by Archibald Campbell, Esq., at the dinner given to A. Stuart after he lost his election in 1834.

‡ Hume of "baneful domination" memory.

And what shall *we* do
  Who alone upon earth,
Have no national name
  In the land of our birth ;
Called "Canadians" in Britain
  And "Foreigners" here,
We've a country we love
  And we've rights that are dear.
The descendants of Britons, and Britons in heart.
In this true British struggle we'll all do our part,
From our brethren of Europe we never will sever :—
"Here's the King, Constitution, and Stuart for ever."

SONG.*

Air—"The hunting of the Hare."

Oh what science can compare
  To the one that through our hair,
Can by feeling, can by feeling,
  Tell the feelings that *must* guide us:
To Phrenology I've turned
  And I sing of what I've learned
From Parnell,—Dr. Parnell,—
  Who's a monstrous clever fellow,
                Clever fellow.

* Written at like request and sung by the same gentleman as the last, on St. Patrick's day, 1835, for the Toast "The Rose, the Thistle and our own Shamrock."—Dr. Parnell having examined and *turned* all the heads in Quebec just before and being present at the said dinner.

In the head of Johnny Bull
  Alimentiveness is full,
So his failing, so his failing,
  Is to get a little mellow:
But when friends are smiling round,
  And wit, wine and song abound,
He that could not, or that would not
  Is a mighty churlish fellow,
                Churlish fellow.

Under Sandy's sandy wig
  There's *Acquisitiveness* big,
So he's toiling, so he's moiling,
  To put plack and plack thegither;
Yet he'd spend his last bawbee
  But he'd make the couple three,
And with John and Pat, his whistle wet,
  A gay and canny fellow,
                Canny fellow.

In Paddy's scull we guess
  There is large *Combativeness*,
And another bump, a tender lump,
  That makes him love the lasses:
But Paddy he can do
  Something else than fight and coo,
O'er his whisky,—he gets frisky,
  And a roaring jolly-fellow,
                Jolly fellow.

But the best of all their lumps,
  And the very *King of Bumps*,
Is *Adhesiveness, Adhesiveness*,
  That binds them all together.

Pat and Sandy hard and fast
  Stick to Johnny to the last,
And who beats them,—or who cheats them,
  Is a dev'lish clever fellow,—
                Clever fellow.

TOAST—"Dr. Parnell and Phrenology in a bumper."

SONG.*

Air—"THERE IS NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE."

St. George he was an errant knight
  And rode about the world,
And when he saw a dragon, straight
  At him his spear he hurl'd.—
These dragons were the grievances
  That did the earth infect;
So good St. George's march was like
  Our march of Intellect.

St. George became old England's Saint,
  And thus she did inherit
His cordial hate of all misrule,
  His anti-dragon spirit:—
When *Lackland* did a tyrant turn
  In thought and word and deed,
St. George inspired the Barons bold
  Who camped at Runnymede.

* Sung by Archibald Campbell, Esq, at St. George's Dinner, 23 April, 1835.

THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY OF OTTAWA

And ever against tyranny
  Hath gallant England stood,
And strained for freedom every nerve
  And bought it with her blood.
She will not bear that King or Mob
  Should rule without control,
And spurns the tyrant aggregate
  As well as tyrant sole.

Earth's dragons are,—antique abuse
  Received upon tradition,
Despotic sway, and slavish fear,
  And vice and superstition :—
In Kingdoms (and Republics too)
  Corruption or excess,
And mob-made law ;—and earth's St. George
  Is England's public press.

And *therefore* is she first of all
  That are or that have been
Among the nations of the earth,
  And therefore Ocean's Queen ;—
And therefore on her flag the sun
  Doth hourly rise,—and will,
Because the spirit of St. George
  Is England's spirit still.

We've Dragons here who sit at once
  In places three and four ;—
We've one with four and thirty heads,
  And one with many more :—
Another's ignorance that doth
  Imagined evils forge ;—

Another's—Mr. Joseph Hume,
And Peel is our St. George.

TOAST.

St. George and Merry England—may
The hearts of all adore them;
And may the dragons of the earth
For ever fall before them.

SONG.*

Air—"THE STORM."

Cease your loud and blust'ring railings
Politicians one and all,
Search not for each others' failings
Seek not places great or small:—
Whether democrat or tory,
Juste milieu, left or right,
Listen to St. Andrew's story:
He's our autocrat to night.

When he came for the conversion
Of our fathers wild and free,
He, good saint, had no aversion,
To the taste o' barley bree;
Well he knew,—like all our Masters,—
Christian, Roman, Greek or Jew,
Nothing softens life's disasters
Like good wine or mountain dew.

* Sung by Archibald Campbell, Esq., on St. Andrew's night, 1837.

Well he knew unaided reason
  Cannot fancy perfect bliss,—
Love itself has thorns, and treason,
  Once at least, profaned a kiss :—
Preaching's nought without example
  Only what we feel we know ;
Men must drink, or taste no sample
  Of unmingled joy below.

Thus our fathers, waxing daily
  Better in their deeds and words,
Spent the day in good, and gaily
  Passed the night round festal boards.
Never trod a Scotsman faintly
  In the path his sires found right ;—
Kindly, freely, gaily, *saintly ;*
  Let *us* pass St. Andrew's night.

SONG.*

Air—"Scots wha hae."

Men of Scotia's blood or land,
No longer let us silent stand—
Our "origin" while traitors brand,
  As "foreign" here.

We scorn to wear a coward mask,
And when the boasting Gaul shall ask
Our claim, 'twill be a welcome task
  To bid him hear—

* Sung by Archibald Campbell, Esq., at St. Andrew's dinner, 1837.

Upon the crest of Abram's heights,
Victorious in a thousand fights,
The Scottish broad-sword won our rights
Wi' fatal sweep;

By gallant hearts those rights were gain'd—
By gallant hearts shall be maintain'd;
E'en tho' our dearest blood be drain'd
Those rights to ~~be~~ keep.

Then when the Gaul shall ask again,
Who called us here across the main?
Each Scot shall answer bold and plain,
"Wolfe sent for me!"

Be men like those the hero brought,
With whose best blood the land was bought;
And fighting as your fathers fought,
Keep it or die!

THE BOMBARDIER'S SONG.

Air—"BARNEY BRALLAGHAN."

'Twas on a busy day,
Which we shall long remember,
When Bombardier Blazeaway,
Some time in last November,
When Radical boasts were loud
And Yankees talked of invading,

* Written for W. B. Lindsay, Esq., Clerk of the Legislative Assembly, and Major of Volunteer Artillery; and sung by his Lieutenant H. A. Wicksteed.

Recruited among the crowd,
And this was his mode of persuading:
"Only say
"You'll be an artillery-man;
"Don't say nay;
"Now's the time,--if you will you can.

With a Clerk of Assembly's whim
"If the service should happen to chime, boys,
"We'll refer some *ord'nance* to him,
"To *report* from time to time, boys.
"If an Auctioneer comes, that we'll rid
"The country of rebels sure then am I,
"For he'll only wait for a *bid*
"To *knock down* the forts of an enemy.
"Only say, &c.

"Come, Lawyers, you're not raw,
"(Tho' drilling your knowledge enlarges,)
"For you know the *canon law*
"And are famous at *heavy charges:*
"You can't be much at fault,
"For this I can say without flattery,
"You can profit by an *assault,*
"And make the most of *battery.*
"Only say, &c.

"Come, ye Merchants, come,
"Leave you goods on the shelf now,
"*Honor* the *notes* of the drum,
"Think no more of your pelf now:
"At a glut of *our* goods we scoff,
"Even rebel and yankees have sent for'em;

" Tho' they're *heavy*, they all *go off*,
" For we always find a *vent* for'em.
" Only say, &c.

" Come all ye Medical Tribe,
" Like physic our science in fact is,
" For we doses of *powder* prescribe,
" And have plenty of *mortar* practice.
" Come, Printers, your knowledge will grace
" The tools we are always dandling,
" For you constantly stand round the *chase*,
" And the *primer* are frequently handling.
" Only say, &c.

" The man that deals in fruit
" Can *prune* the wings of the foe, sir,
" And a capital good recruit
" Is the *canister*-handling grocer;
" And if Papineau makes a fuss,
" We never need fear the event, he
" Will find it's all *nuts* to us,
" And we've *shells* and *colonels* in plenty.
" Only say, &c.

" All you that are fond of the *grape*,
" Or of fiddling and dancing, we call, boys,
" For we are the lads for a *scrape*,
" And give spirit and life to a *ball*, boys.
" Even a Tailor's skill
" To part of our business reaches—
" He can work at his *loop-holes* still,
" And practice the making of *breaches*.
" Only say, &c.

" As we stand to our guns in *bands*,
" A parson may help to man one;
" And they say every Bishop commands
" Many a *minor canon.*"
But I finish the Bombardier's song,
Lest it suit our corps to the letter,
For our pieces are *heavy* and *long*,
And the bigger the *bore* the better.
" Only say, &c."

SONG.*

Air—"TWAS IN THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY."

When Discord had the apple thrown
And Paris's award was known,
Heaven's Club upon Olympus met
And stormy was the loud debate;
And arguments were fierce and long
That Paris had been right, or wrong:—
But while with speeches Heav'n was ringing
Old Bacchus slyly took to singing,—
" Come let the magic goblet pass,
" Tis better than dull reason's glass,
" And blends in one extatic hour
" The joys of wisdom, love and power."

---

* Sung at the Quebec Debating Club by H. A. W.

NOTE.—Discordia threw a golden apple to Minerva, Juno and Venus, with the inscription " for the fairest," Paris was made arbitrator :—Juno wanted to bribe him with a kingdom and great power,—Minerva with wisdom but Venus promised him the most beautiful woman on earth and he gave her the apple :—hence arose great jealousies on Olympus among the immortals who took part with one or another.—OLD MYTHOLOGY.

Apollo took the hint, and moved
A banquet,—and the Gods approved:
The feast was spread by Jove's command,
And Phœbus sang and led the band:
The songs were good—the nectar rare,
Old Thunderbolt was in the chair;
And Jove when once with nectar mellow
Becomes a very jovial fellow.—
Then let the magic, &c.

Debating clubs then rose on earth
And Phœbus smiled upon their birth,
They made men wise;—but then he knew
That wisdom spoils life's rosy hue,
And therefore did the God ordain
That hue should be restored again,
By mirth and song, by feasting, drinking,
When members' thoughts grew dull with thinking.
Then let the magic, &c.

Old Paris' choice we all approve,
And power and wisdom yield to love:
But surely they must wiser be
Who in their choice can blend the three:
With wine—to kingly joys we rise,—
With wine—the silliest soul grows wise,—
And while the wine cup smiles between us
Each girl we pledge is fair as Venus.
Then let the magic, &c.

SONG.

*For Sir Isaac Newton's Birthday.**

Air—"BARBARA ALLEN."

When Archimedes, reverend sage,
By trump of fame renowned, sir,
Deep problems solved in every page.
The sphere's curved surface found, sir;
He e'en himself had still outshone
And higher borne the sway, sir,
Had he but once our secret known,
And drunk his bottle a day, sir.

When Ptolemy so long ago
Believed the world stood still, sir,
He never could have fancied so,
Had be but drunk his fill, sir;
He'd then have seen it circulate,
And learnt without delay, sir,
That he who'd be both wise and great
Must drink his bottle a day, sir.

Copernicus, that learned wight,
The glory of his nation,

* This song, I am sorry to say, is not mine. It was written by my uncle the late Mr. Justice Fletcher, of Sherbrooke, a brother of Sir Richard Fletcher, R. E., who was killed at St. Sebastian. The Mathematical Society of London had been prosecuted by a common informer for having had some notices printed inadvertently without the printer's name. Mr. Fletcher, a member of the Society, had successfully defended them, and the Society had voted him a silver cup which was presented to him at their annual meeting on Sir Isaac Newton's Birthday, 1802, when he sang this song which he had written for the occasion. I have the Cup—and cannot forbear taking this occasion of telling its history and giving the song and a little Epigram by the same hand.

With draughts of wine refreshed his sight
And saw the earth's rotation;
Each planet then its orb described
The moon got under weigh, sir.
The truth be thus at once imbibed,
For he drank his bottle a day, sir.

Ye Philomaths, what then avails
It how the world may state us,—
Experiments can never fail
With this our apparatus.
Let him who'd have his merits known
Remember what I say, sir,
Fair science yields to him alone
Who drinks his bottle a day, sir.

EPIGRAM.

By the same on seeing a crop of oats on the Plains of Abram.

Some men seek glory, others sigh for groats;
Here Wolfe reaped laurels—and Dalhousie oats.

EXTRA EXTRAORDINARY. *

We have just received the following communication, announcing a danger with which Her Majesty's Government is threatened from a new and unexpected quarter. We lose no time in laying it before our readers:—

For the Quebec Morning Herald.

Mr. Editor,—I am commanded to inform you, that the sentiments expressed in the following song have been unanimously concurred in by a brilliant assembly of no less than 92 ladies. If the grievance complained of be not speedily redressed, let the parties implicated look to it.

I am, Mr. Editor,

your obt. servant,

Miss Quadrille.*

Quebec, 18th Dec., 1837.

SONG.

Air—"Oh dear, what can the matter be!"

Oh dear what can the matter be?
Dear, dear, what *can* the matter be?
Oh dear, what can the matter be?
Nobody gives us a ball!

Vainly my ringlets I braiding and curling am,
Vainly in dreams, too, I twisting and twirling am,
Oh, my Lord Gosford, great Baron of Worlingham,
Why don't you give us a ball?
Oh dear, &c.

* I did not invent this signature,—some young lady correspondent had used it; and I took a great fancy to it as charmingly odd.

He promised, when first he came, he'd give us plenty—
We thought in each season we'd get at least twenty;
But if to perform that fair promise he meant, he
Would surely now give us a ball.
Oh dear, &c.

Then our beaux are all priming and loading and drilling;
With brave loyal ardour each bosom is thrilling.
If the brave love the fair,—why the fair love quadrilling,—
Then why dont they give us a ball?
Oh dear, &c.

Let them ne'er think that balls check men's ardour for fighting.
Or that *pumps* throw cold water on what they delight in;
For the man who all points of war's science was right in,
To Waterloo went from a ball.
Oh dear, &c.

If our Governor, lovers, or brothers or spouses,
Will not open their castles, their hearts and their houses,
And their tyranny once our resistance arouses,
We know who will give us a ball.
Oh dear, &c.

We'll resolve that the grievance surpasses all reason;
We'll declare such brutality justifies treason;
We'll compound with the rebels for one merry season;—
And Papineau 'll give us a ball.
Oh dear, &c.

Every lady who can sing will please to chaunt the above on all fitting occasions, until our grievance is redressed; or "we seek elsewhere a remedy for our afflictions."

By order of the Committee.

Q.

THE FANCY BALL AT RIDEAU HALL.

The following is out of place as to date; but its subject is so cognate to the last article that I insert it here.

DEAR TIMES,—Your paper is a sort of omnibus, and a very nice one; can you find room in it for a young lady, without crowding out some of those charming articles in which *we* so much delight, about bishops, and priests of St. Albans, and aprons, and candlesticks, and Alderman Waller, and Mr. Martin. Try like a good soul. Our dear Governor's ball has been talked about and written about a good deal and not badly, though I have heard there is high authority for saying that the right account of it has yet to be written. But nobody has adverted to its constitutional virtues and the impetus it has given to loyalty. In the dark days of 1837, when rebellion was rife, Lord Gosford, a good kind soul as ever lived, seems to have forgotten this point of policy—and the extract I send you from papers of the time, will show you the peril to which the State was exposed in consequence. Miss Quadrille was my grandmama, a worthy girl as ever lived, and no more inclined to look to Washington than one of Her Majesty's Ministers,—as loyal and as British as the fair lady who enacted Britannia at Rideau Hall. Think of the pent up suffering she must have endured before she was forced in her agony to cry out as she did. Lord Gosford gave the ball and saved the country; Lord Dufferin more far-seeing gave *his* ball without waiting even for a hint, he knew the "well understood wishes" of the ladies and met them, and he has not only been good himself but has made others good by his example, and those ducks of Ministers and *their* charming ball followed his lead of course. I am in possession of the archives of the Quadrille family,—and, if your readers desire to see it, I can show them Lord Gosford's answer, which my dear

grandmama used to say he sang most feelingly to the air of "The Sprig of Shilelah," like a jolly son of Erin, as he was. * I have an account of the *fancy ball* too of the time, reported by a very junior member of your profession, since perhaps an editor—or dead. ‡ Before closing, I must tell you, that at a jolly meeting of a number of young men and maidens, who had been at the ball, I ventured modestly to imitate my tuneful ancestress and sang:—

SOLO:

Round me while singing, exultingly stand, ye boys
And ye girls, smiling all;—and ye girls and ye boys,
Join in one cheer for the chief of the Clandeboyes,
Giver of beautiful balls!

CHORUS:

No, no, nothing's the matter now,
No, no, nothing's the matter now,
No, no, nothing's the matter now—
Dufferin gave us the ball!

And I assure you the chorus could not have been given more heartily, if Mr. Dixon had written it for us and Mr. Mills had drilled us.

Affectionately yours,

MISS QUADRILLE, JR.

Ottawa, March 3, 1876.

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* Lord G's. answer will be found at the foot of the next article. Lord Dufferin's Fancy Ball was simply Magnificent.

‡ See next article.

THE DEVIL'S EXTRA

Of The Quebec Morning Herald, for New Year's Day, 1838.

We were in despair.—It was New Year's Eve—we had passed the earlier portion of the night at snap-dragon and other pastimes in which innocent fiends like ourselves delight:—but the hour of retribution was come upon us, and fearful was our agony.—It was late and we had not a word of our address written, nor could we compose a line. Bloodshed and Rebellion were most unseasonable subjects, and, Devils as we are, we could not resolve to talk of them to our Patrons on New Year's day.—We leave it to our professional antagonists to preach the duty of being dismal. —We roamed desolate and miserable thro' the deserted printing room. Every thing looked gloomy to us, the disordered types were but types of our own thoughts, a confused dark mass without form —Yet our Master could make them speak oracles on all subjects; they wanted nothing but arranging. It was even so with our thoughts: with the help of a dictionary we can think every word in the language, and the faculty of arrangement is all we want to enable us to surpass every human production, but the *Herald—that* alone we esteem perfect.— We have genius enough, we lack nothing but the Bump of Order.—We cast our eyes listlessly on the Editor's desk,—there was a note upon it. Our eyes rested upon the superscription and our listlessness vanished instantly. That superscription was, in the most delicate of female hands—"To THE DEVIL."

We remembered that for one day we were an Editor. We opened the gilt-edged envelope—we breathed the perfume of the enclosed Billet—we read it on our knees. It was from the adorable Miss Quadrille. After hinting at the sacrifices which her sex, from Eve downwards, had made to please us—

she expressed a hope that we had equal complaisance for them. She told us that she had sent Mr. Mercury an energetic remonstrance against the dull rudeness of N. O. QUADRILLE, but that the God of Thieves had sheltered the imposter. She threw herself on our gallantry and solicited our aid—tho' she knew the Mr. Mercury [who is a great wit] would say that like a true woman, she had come to the Devil to gain her point.

Here was a subject for us; and we thought in our simplicity that because we were an Editor, wit and wisdom would come of course:—we sat down in the Editorial chair, but they came not. We felt duller than ever—We even caught ourselves nodding: we thought till then that Editors never nodded. We grew sleepy—we slept!

We were in the Reporters' box in the Hall of Assembly which was illuminated with unusual brilliancy. The triple windows, typical of the threefold medium through which the light of collective wisdom reaches the "great body of the people,"—were curtained by the flag which rules the ocean. The clock showed that midnight had passed—it was New Year's day.—Our kind-hearted Governor was in the Speaker's chair. On his right and left hands stood the Officers of our gallant Volunteer Corps. The floor of the Hall was occupied by the most brilliant asemblage of lovely women we had ever seen, and, a little in advance of them stood one of surpassing elegance. The brave smiled on the fair, and the fair returned the smile:

> "Soft eyes look'd love to eyes that spoke again,
> "And all went merry as a marriage bell,"—

but they mingled not. We were puzzled to know why, 'till, recalling our senses, we remarked that a most delicious band was concluding the symphony of the "*Sprig of Shilelah,*" and we knew that Miss Q. and the ladies had just presented their

address, and received His Excellency's answer * It was heard with one burst of unmingled delight: we remembered that "when maidens sue, men give like gods," and felt that by this act, at least as much as by his Proclamation, His Lordship has deserved the delicate compliment in the Address from L'Acadie, and "*S'est placé comme l'Intermédiare entre la Divinité et les hommes.*" The picture of the Fourth GEORGE seemed to smile approval on the representative of His Successor, and we almost expected to see him leave his frame and salute Miss Q., after his accustomed fashion. We listened breathlessly for the answers of the volunteers to Miss Q's suggestions—they came in rapid and delightful succession. All were, of course.

*** LORD GOSFORD'S ANSWER.**

Dear Ladies, I find you've been taking a hint
From the last of the Loyal Addresses in print,
  Where St. Roch's and St Vallier's their feelings express;
If they get all they ask, they're of loyalty rare,
If they don't, they'll be rebels—that is, when they dare:—
  Tho' they speak not, dear Ladies, as frankly as you,
'Tis the feeling that runs thro' the famed ninety-two,
  And is echoed about in each Loyal Address.

The first author of this is a Judge of the land,
And Debartzch sits a Councillor on my right hand,
  For a similar hint about Government faults;
But as curls would look queer in a three-cornered hat,
And a seat in the Council, just now, is not at
Any premium, I hope to conciliate all
My fair threat'ners by "cheerfully" giving a Ball,
  When Miss Q. and myself shall lead off the first waltz.

I acknowledge your grievance, you've cause to be vexed,
And, no longer by fears of Rebellion perplex'd,
  To its gradual removal I'll give my chief care.
Then don't join the rebels, Dear Ladies, in haste,
  For Sir John gives them Balls that are not to their taste:
Let the lovely be true to their lovely young Queen,
And I'll give you a Ball such as never was seen,
  For I'm pleasing my Sovereign when pleasing the Fair.

favourable, the music struck up, "*Oh, Abraham Newland,*" and the Captain of one of the Lower Town bands sung—*

Fair ladies each note
At a premium we quote,
Which your sweet lips have ever let fall, dears;
We shall honor your draft,
And your health shall be quaffed
At the supper which follows our ball, dears.
Oh! wonderful beauty!
Charming, adorable beauty!
May our purses be low,
And our credit so-so,
When we fail in devotion to beauty.

The commander of another gallant corps from the same place selected the lively air of "*I'd rather have a guinea than a one-pound note,*" and chanted his answer thus:—

We should feel
A great deal,
If we made spruce ladies pine;
And our ball,
To you all,
Shall be extra-surperfine;
For the man that for the ladies would not work with heart and hand,
We'd reject from out our Mess, and as "unmerchantable" brand.

* Singers.
A. M.—Banker.
H. L.—Lumber Merchant.
A. C.—Notary Public.
P. O'C.—Captain Irish Volunteers.
W. P.—Captain and Advocate.
J. C., N. P.—Son of an M. P.
W. McC.—Major of Vol. Artillery.
T. L.—The Inimitable.

There was no mistaking who was to be next singer, when we heard the music of the "*The Campbells are coming*;" the words of the answer were:

Sure the ladies are jesting, oho, oho,
When they talk of protesting, oho, oho,
For they know we're too fond to depart from our bond,
And we've mortgaged our hearts to the fair, the fair.
But our deeds shall be mended, oho, oho,
Ere the protest's extended, oho, oho,
We'll give them a ball, shall acquit us of all
Suspicion of slighting the fair, the fair.

The leader of a gallant corps of Irishmen followed. Need we name "*St. Patrick's Day in the Morning*" as the air to which he sang,—

Though rebels around us are making wry faces,
The loyal, the brave, and the fair should be gay;
And the thought of begrudging them pleasure disgraces
The heart that conceives it on New Year's Day.
Then oh if a ball
Can please them at all,
And light one sunny smile in eyes blue, black or grey;
There's no son of our Isle,
Whom that one little smile
Would not more than repay for the risk we might run,
Of disloyalty frowning because we are gay:
And bad luck would be ours if the year were begun,
By neglecting the fair upon New Year's Day.

The next answer was *powerfully* given; it was from another Irish corps, and the melody chosen was "*Through Erin's Isle*:"

Beyond dispute,
You've gained your suit,

And of our hearts made seizure:
In your eyes one sees
Retaining fees,
And each command's a *plea*-sure.
The court have thought
That judgment ought
For you to be recorded;
We only pray
Ten days delay,
And that has been awarded.
We'll give a ball;—to make it gay we try shall;
The learn'd and fair
Will all be there;—
Of course Miss Q. and I shall.

The replies of the several corps were in the same spirit, but the applause with which the one answer was received, frequently continued after the next was begun, and we lost the words of several. In some instances, too, the air was unknown to us. The Marine corps answered with "*The Bay of Biscay.*" we observed that the singer expressed his great respect for old established *Customs* and held it to be a *duty imposed upon him* to comply with the wishes of the ladies. A young gentleman, "in the garb of old Gaul," (with more confidence than we could have expected from one so young, till we heard that he had a hereditary talent for addressing public bodies with effect), sang to the air of "*A Highland lad my love was born,*"—

A statesman was my father born,
And all innovation holds in scorn;
And he says that the precedents are most express
In favour of acceding to this address.
Sing, hey my braw John Highlandman,
Sing, ho my braw John Highlandman,

There'll not be a ball, go where you can,
Shall match with the ball of the Highlandman.

We then heard, though we cannot remember, a very pointed and polished answer, in a very sharp key, from the "Faugh a ballagh" boys. The measure appeared to be that of Canning's celebrated "*Tell me, knife-grinder, how you came to grind knives,*"—the air was unknown to us. Perhaps the most exquisite musical treat was the answer of another corps, to an Italian air, which showed that the singer had indeed "swam in a Gondola" As in most Italian airs, it was impossible to catch the words, but the effect of the music was *inimitable*. At every succeeding answer, however, the gaiety and the uproar increased. Had it not been for the exertions of the Master of the Ceremonies in obtaining silence, we should have been unable to distinguish and record the answer of the three corps of Artillery. This was indeed the "crowning rose of the whole wreath," and was admirably given by a gentleman who seemed to be well accustomed to the Hall. Handel is said to have conceived the idea of introducing cannon into music; it was reserved for the Volunteer Artillery to carry the conception into effect. The guns were those of the Grand Battery and the precision with which the accompaniment was given, reflected the highest honour on the corps. The singer being accustomed to addresses, had furnished the ladies with an official copy of his answer which enabled them to reply to the same air of "*Oh dear what can the matter be.*"

As sure as the powder the bullet dispatches,
When the bright flame darts into the gun from our matches,
Our bold corps from your bright eyes new energy catches,
And quickly will let off a ball.

Guns. { Bang! Bang! } At a Ball Cupid snatches aye,
{ Bang! Bang! } Such occasions he watches aye,
{ Bang! Bang! } Gay weddings in batches may
Be the sweet fruits of our Ball.

CHORUS OF LADIES.

Pleasure and hope in all bosoms are springing now,
Soft lively music in all ears is ringing now,—
Ev'ry fair maiden is joyfully singing now,

"All the brave give us a ball."

Guns. { Bang! Bang! } Hark to the feu de joie!
{ Bang! Bang! } Gay thoughts our souls employ!
{ Bang! Bang! } High leap our hearts with joy!

All the brave give us a ball.

The music ceased; the ladies mingled with the gentlemen, their graceful and elegant forms and attire contrasting beautifully with the martial garb and manly bearing of the soldier-citizens. Brilliantly and dazzlingly "bright lamps shone on fair women and brave men," and yet more brillantly was the light reflected from brighter eyes. The scene was one of enchantment. A tall gentleman, who had evidently been soldier, stood close by us; from the deep interest with which he watched every movement of Miss Quadrille, we conjectured that he was her relative. We were right—he was one of "The Lancers." He told us he had been in the best company in every civilized country, and had seen nothing like the spectacle before him. He was evidently excited, and, in fancy, fighting all his battles o'er again, and we heard him murmuring "None but the brave deserve the fair." We could see but two sour faces; they were near us, and scowled like vampires. Their owners were Miss Mazourka and N. O. Quadrille. The former we recognised at once as a man in woman's clothes, under which we clearly saw his round-toed unpolished boots, and pepper-and-salt inexpressibles. The latter puzzled us for some time; *it* was too coarse for a woman, too puny for a man; its mode of sitting betrayed the secret—it was a tailor in petticoats.

The music commenced the waltz in that most sweetly diabolical of operas, Der Freischutz, possibly in compliment to *Us*.

Our excellent Governor, who never changes his avowed purpose, took the hand of Miss Quadrille; he let her into the centre of the hall, he kept his word; they danced the first waltz together. Faster and louder came the music on the ear, and quicker and quicker spun the illustrious couple: then the strain fell again: it became softer and slower, until, as they disappeared through the door-way, it melted gradually away "in a dying, dying fall." At that instant an unexpected salute was fired; the first report startled us, and—we awoke—it was the morning gun. The cold grey light was peeping through the ink-stained windows. We had slept soundly in the editorial chair; we were initiated into the mysteries of the craft; we had dreamed a dream, and we could make an article of it. We are not slept in vain—we had only to record our vision in an Extra: we had now something to say, and we have said it.

THE DEVILS TO THEIR READERS.

AIR—"*St. Patrick's Day.*"

Though our betters the prayer of Miss Q. have rejected,
And sent the fair pleader unheeded away,
It shall never be said *we* the ladies neglected,
Or slighted their cause upon New Year's Day.
Through all the year round
May all pleasure abound,
And the hearts of our patrons be merry and gay;
But there's one little hint
That we wish to imprint
On the minds of all those on whose bounty we count:
It is this—that as all have "devil to pay,"
Their regard for the fair will be guessed by the amount
Of the presents they make us on New Year's Day.

A. C.

THE LADIES' ADDRESS TO THE "INCONSTANTS."

We saw the *Hastings* hasting off
  And never made a fuss;
The *Malabars'* departure waked
  No malady in us.

We were not piqued to lose the *Piques*;—
  Each Lady's heart at ease is
Altho' the *Dees* are on the seas,
  And gone the *Hercules*-es.

Our parting with the *Andromaches*
  Like Hector's not at all is;
Nor are we Washingtons to seek
  To capture a *Cornwallis*.

And no *Charybdis* ever caught
  Our hearts in passion's whirls;—
There's not a girl among us all
  Has ever fished for *Pearls*.

The *Vestals* with their sacred flame
  Were not the sparks we wanted;
We've looked *Medeas* in the face
  And yet were not enchanted.

But when our dear *Inconstants* go
  Our grief shall know no bounds,
The dance shall have no joy for us,
  The song no merry sounds.

NOTE.—H. M. Ships named in these and the following verses were all in Quebec Harbour in the summer of 1838. Captain *Pring* commanded the *Inconstant*, and Commander *Hope* was his first Lieutenant.

All dismal then will be the Waltz,
  The dull quadrille as bad,
And wearily we'll hurry through
  The joyless Gallopade.

We'll gaze upon each changeful cloud
  As through the air it skims,
We'll think of fickle fortune's wheel
  And fashion's turns and whims;—

Sweet emblems of *Inconstancy*
  In each of those we'll find,
And our *Inconstants* constantly
  We'll fondly bear in mind.—

And spite of Durham's fêtes and balls,
  We'll pine and mourn and mope
Our long, long, winter season through,
  As girls without a *Hope*.

And when the spring shall come again,
  Our hearts to pleasure dead
Shall sigh for spring without an S,
  And wish for *Pring* instead.

Unless indeed sweet spring with *Hope*
  Those hearts again should bless,
And bring our dear *Inconstants* back
  And spring without an S.—

QUEBEC, 6th July, 1838.

THE "INCONSTANTS'" ANSWER.

All language fails to tell how much
  We value your address,
Or say how deeply we partake
  The feelings you express.

We wonder not the men you name
  Your hearts have never moved,
And quite agree, that only we
  Are worthy to be loved.

Those *Hastings* are a hasty set
  And left you in a hurry;
Those *Malabars* are malapert
  And hot as Indian curry.

The *Pearls* for whom you must not fish.
  Are pearls of *price* 'tis true,
For if you have no golden nets
  They won't be caught by you.

But we *Inconstants* to the shrine
  Of youth and beauty, bring
The countless charms that even wait
  On each *inconstant* thing.

The moon,—the summer sky,—the breeze,—
  The ever varying sea,—
The course of love,—the morning's dream,—
  The butterfly,—the bee,—

The sun himself that round the world,
  From land to land doth range,

The seasons in their pleasing round
  Of never ending change.

Are types of us:—but we have yet
  More lovely ones, for *you*,
So young, so fair, so kind, so good—
  Must be *Inconstants* too.

Forget us,—and lone bachelors
  We all our lives will be,
Condemned to single blessedness
  By your *Inconstancy*.

Be true, and then the breath of May
  Shall fill our sails and bring
Our willing ship, our eager hearts,
  And *Spring*—and *Pring*—and *Ring*.

And each of you for one of ours
  Shall change her maiden name,
And as we 're all *Inconstants*, you
  Of course will be the same.

KAMOURASKA, August, 1838.

SONNET.

To my Wife—with the British Poets.

Love is like poetry, both lend the hue
Peculiar to themselves to all they touch,
And clothe it with a loveliness all new,
A strange but most delightful sweetness. Such
The beauty by the pictured window shed
On the cold walls of some cathedral aisle,
Tinting the sculptured relics of the dead
Till marble dames and warriors seem to smile.—
As love's first offering for the new born year,
This Volume, rich in Britain's choicest song,
No inappropriate tribute will appear
From him whose fondest prayer shall be, that long
As life is thine, thy days and years may be
Made fair and bright by love's sweet poesy.

CANADIAN PIC-NIC SONG.

*Boat Song.**

Air—VOLE MON CŒUR VOLE.

Cheerly has the day begun;
See how bright the glittering snow
Sparkles in the merry sun;
On a pic-nic let us go.
Hamel's house has had its sway,
And Lake Beauport and Lorette,
What shall be the place to-day?
Montmorenci's left us yet.

REFRAIN.

What tomorrow 'll be we know not
But todays' our own,
We shall ~~leave~~ lose it if we go not
To the smooth, tall Cone.

Bustle, boy, our things to find,
All the *marche donc's* now are ready;
Skins before and tails behind
Jingling bells and drivers steady.
What tomorrow, &c.

Now we're muffled warm and well,
Sprightly talk and laugh and song
Of our merry purpose tell,
As we gaily spank along.
What tomorrow, &c.

* A Canadian Boat Song consists of an indefinite number of very simple verses; each verse after the first beginning with the repetition of the last couplet of the preceeding one; the singer frequently composes as he proceeds. The air has three long notes answering to the long vowels in the words "day's or own"—and "smooth tall cone."

At a gallant dashing rate
Now we rattle through the town,
'Till we reach old Palace Gate,
Then the hill we scamper down.
What tomorrow, &c.

Swiftly pass we o'er the ice,
Soon we gain the Beauport shore,
Trotting on 'till in a trice
The Cone is gained,—the journey's o'er.
What tomorrow, &c.

How each little ragamuffin
Counts our coppers all his own,—
As the ladies panting, puffing,
Slowly climb the slippery Cone.
What tomorrow, &c.

Each upon her tiny car,
Like an avalanche they go
Down the icy hill and far
O'er the snowy plain below.
What tomorrow, &c.

Now again the course they try,
Toiling up the glassy steep,
Gain the top, and from on high
Swift as arrows down they sweep.
What tomorrow, &c.

Thus we pass our pleasant time,
Frost and fun our hearts elating,
Down we slide and up we climb
'Till we hear that—dinner's waiting.
What tomorrow, &c.

See the crowded table spread,
Flesh and fowl and fruit and fish ;—
That we might be duly fed
Every guest has brought a dish.
What tomorrow, &c.

Every house has something sent,
Pies and puddings, cakes and sweets,
All good cheer they represent,
Quite a Parliament of meats.
What tomorrow, &c.

Ladies fair have made the tea
Beaux politely hand about:
Savageau with eager glee
Draws his ninble fiddle out.
What tomorrow, &c.

Listen to the merry din
Galopade, quadrille and waltz;
How we caper, how we spin
No one flags and no one halts.
What tomorrow, &c.

But the hour of starting's come,
For the East is growing red;
Beauteous belles must think of home,
Brilliant beaux must go to bed.
What tomorrow, &c.

As in sleep again we slide
And of future pic-nics dream,
Down a shadowy Cone to glide
Phantom boys with sledges seem.
What tomorrow, &c.

AN ALBUM'S PETITION.

To each dear friend and kind relation
Of its mistress,—of what nation
They may be soe'er, and whether
Known or not— to all together,
Young or old, or dull or witty,
Rich or poor, or plain or pretty,
A modest begging book's memorial
Humbly sheweth—
That to glory, all
Who its pages will adorn
Shall be *by* its pages borne,
And go down to future times
With the author of these rhymes,—
—They who're young may write about
Love's sweet dream and anxious doubt;
And they who have been long on earth
May tell us what that dream is worth.
They who have the brains and wit
On many a brillant thought can hit,
And they who've not can borrow one
From the good king Solomon.
They who're rich can pay at will,
For another artist's skill,
But they who're poor, unhappy elves
Must try to write or draw themselves.
They who're pretty, if they're wise,
Their beauty will immortalize
By having each bewitching look,
Glowingly copied in this book;—
To those who're plain 'twill be a duty
To show how wit surpasses beauty.

Came ladies fair, and gentlemen,
Wield the pencil or the pen,
You can fill me if you try;—
Write or draw, or cut or buy,
Verse or picture, prose or print,
Act on a gentle album's hint;
Give my mistress something clever,
For itself she'll love it ever;
Or if it be of those that perish,
For *your* sake your gift she'll cherish;
So shall your production be
Made famous by its place in me.—
Be of my requests observant
And my lady is your servant;
Accede to them without delay,
And your petitioner shall pray;
&c., &c., &c.

TO MY SISTER.

In joy, in grief, in laughing safety's day,
In frowning danger's hour, when blank dismay
Filled sterner hearts than ours,—we two have been
Companions, my sweet sister;—tho' we part
In person, still I know that heart to heart
Will speak and answer ever: write and tell
All that may grieve or please thee, knowing well
That all that pains or joys or interests thine
Pains, joys or moves this faithful heart of mine.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

Quebec Transcript, 1839.

A steam steel pen of fifty poet power,
Kind patrons, scarce could tell you what we feel:—
Poetic parturition's trying hour
First comes upon us now. Could we reveal
The throbs and throes which seem the only dower
That bright Apollo gives to those who kneel
Before his shrine, we think no luckless wight
Who ne'er wrote verse before would venture verse to write.

We are not hardened devils like to those
Who run from door to door with the Gazette;
Their seventy years have taught them to compose
In verse without an effort, we, as yet,
Scarce count a twelve month since our *Transcript* rose
To give the world its light;—but e'er it set
(Some hundred years from hence) we hope that we
"Most sweet, enchanting bards" like them shall surely be.

To you the first born offspring of our Muse
We dedicate and leave without a name:
Baptize it as you will,—we'll not refuse
The name you give:—to pleasure you it came;
For Godfathers and Godmothers we choose
Our paper's patrons:—if it's quite the same
To *you*, to *us* we own it would be pleasant
You'd give its authors each some little christening present.

Let other devils tell you what the year
That died last night was famous for;—the rise
Of foul Rebellion and its brief career;—

How mighty Durham charmed our wandering eyes
With gold, while silvery accents on the ear
Pour'd golden promises;—or to the skies
Extol the pomp that graced the celebration
Of our fair, young, good Queen Victoria's coronation.

Or let them tell how judges were suspended
For thinking Special Councils might be wrong;
—How well our martial citizens defended
Our country from the sympathizing throng;
—How those whose labours ought to have amended
Their countrymen, must sing their New Year's song
Through prison bars;—our earnest hope must be
That time will prove their hearts from impious treason free.*

For us the year has had *one* great event
That swallows up the rest,—the *Transcript's* birth:—
If to your vacant moments it hath lent
The charm of poesy; if flowers of worth
Transplanted to its pages have been sent
To grace your evening hours with harmless mirth,
It seeks no better praise, no more renown:—
Upon your smiles it lives,—it dies if you should frown!

Generous patrons, kind and true,
Each of us to each of you,
For this joyous season wishes
Appetite and savoury dishes;
Health and wealth and Christmas cheer,
And a happy, happy year.

* Some *Editors* had got into trouble.

A. W. to M. K.

We may or may not meet again, I may or may not see
Thy face again or hear thy voice, but I forget not thee:
Our friendship's not of ancient date, no kindred forms our tie.
And yet I seem to know thee well and love thee tenderly.

Thou wast my guest when first I called a husband's house my home;
I cannot think of that sweet time but what thy form will come
Before my fancy and my heart with pleasant memories move.
Thou dear and cherished friend of those whom I am proud to love.

Forget not thou that pleasant time when much that met our view
To thee as to myself was strange and beautiful as new,
T'will please me if whene'er thine eye this simple verse surveys
Like me thou reckonest that time among thine happy days.

May the rich blessing of our God who is all truth and love.
Be round thy path and guide thy feet wherever they may rove.
Thy virtuous thoughts bear fruit in deeds, thine errors be forgiven,
Thine home be happy while thou liv'st—thy home of homes be heaven.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

Quebec Gazette, 1839.

Goddess of the sage and witty,
Whom thy democratic city
Worshipped happily of yore,
Till Demagogues and faction tore

The bond of peace ;—And, thus divided,
Her Sons, "*misguiding or misguided,*"
Became the dupes and prey of those
Who holding *all* Athenians foes,
Fomenting discords—parting friends
The better to attain their ends,
Kept their own interest still in view,
As Yankee Sympathisers do;
While Phillip held a *neutral* tone
As Yankee Presidents have done.

Bright Goddess, come—if wisdom yet
Delights thee—here's the last Gazette :
Or if thy other art appears
More charming—see our Volunteers !
Since Cadmus' day, so fine a set
Of sudden soldiers never yet
Rose at a word. It seemed Sir John
With serpents' teeth the land had sown.

While thus we sang the Goddess came.
But as in olden time the dame
Appeared to mortals in the guise
Of him whom they esteemed most wise.
So now she took her ancient way
And came—the Mentor of our day—*
The man whom all our factions own
For moderation stands alone ;
Who, if his creed be something changed
On abstract questions,—never ranged
Beyond the pale of loyalty.

* John Neilson the first English Editor in Canada.

He thought the mass of men might be
Entrusted with the destinies
Of Nations—for *he* was too wise
T' abuse the power, and kindly thought
All felt like him and as they ought;
'Till stubborn facts and mob excess
Compelled him to esteem them less
And put off his democracy
'Till all should be as wise as he.

When thus Minerva had put on
The likeness of *our* "glorious John,
She, while our knees with reverence shook,
A slightly Scottish accent took,
And kindly prompted what to say
To Patrons kind on New Year's Day,
And taught poor devils to rehearse
The year's events in simple verse.

When the last year its course began,
Disorder thro' the country ran,
And to Rebellion's usual brood
Was added foul ingratitude;
And men who but for Britain's power
Had never known a single hour
Of freedom, but had lived and died
The vassal slaves of Gallic pride,
Or 'mid the Democratic host
Laws, language, and religion lost,
Had dared to scoff at Britain's might
And bared their puny arms for fight.
The loyal then at once arose
As one brave man, and to their foes
Soldier and Soldier-citizen

Their faces turn'd and struck; and then
At the first blow the Rebels quailed.
And sympathizing Brigands failed.

Then came the Lord of high pretence
And wonderful magnificence.—
Consistent—tho' he seem'd to be
Himself an inconsistency:—
The ballot man, despising all,—
Th' Aristocratic Radical.

He thought within our land to rule
Just like a master in a school,
And deem'd the country needs must thrive
When govern'd by himself, and *five*,
Who, learning all things in a minute,
Consulted not a soul within it.
But time, who air-built castles evens,
Showed all at sixes and at sevens.
Too true himself to think his friends
Would give him up to serve their ends.—
Too brave to think that loyalty
Required a captive foe should die,—
The Rebel Leaders he befriended.
But *rather* far his powers extended.
BROUGHAM led the attack with ancient hate.
And MELBOURNE left him to his fate.—
Deserted by his friends and cuff'd
By enemies—the Lord got huff'd,
And when GLENELG was next awake
He'd a new Governor to make.

Meantime Victoria's brow was bound
With Britain's diadem; and crown'd

In the world's proudest, highest place,
She peerless sat, with youthful grace;
And Raleigh's spirit comes again
To British hearts,—and British men
The deep devoted feeling prove,
Of mingled loyalty and love.

As if to grace the maiden's reign,
Steam speeds the news across the main;
The tidings to Virginia come,
In smaller time than she from whom
Virginia has her name, could send
A message to an Irish friend.

Stern winter came—the Lord was
And at his post was good Sir JOHN;
And they whom beating could not teach,
Whose hearts his mercy could not reach,
Once more in mad rebellion rush'd
Against him,—and again were crush'd.

Our Council then the laws amended,
And Judges were themselves suspended.
They held that our wise Council's laws
Had a great hole, thro' which a deep
And subtle advocate might creep.—
Thro' the whole case the Council saw,
And sagely passed another law,
Declaring, what the Judges call
A hole, to be no hole at all.

But members of the craft that we
Held gifted with all purity,
All learning and all eloquence,
All loyalty, and common sense—

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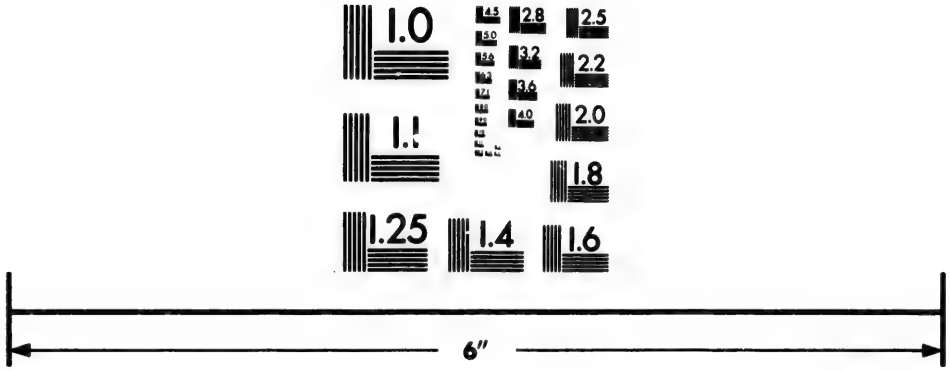

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Men whom we imps with reverence saw,
On whom we cast our eyes with awe,
Are now (Heav'n grant with little reason)
Suspected of the crime of treason!
This,—this, the hearts of devils breaks,
And iron tears run down our cheeks;,
Sobs choke our voice—but we must try
Our sobs to check, our eyes to dry:—
The joyous season calls for joy,
Gay thoughts all honest hearts employ.
Bright be the prospects of the year
To you, and all whom you hold dear,
Kind generous Patrons:—all we ask,
Now that we've done our yearly task,
Is, that you kindly take our hint,
And deign to smile on what *we* print.
And that we please you, Patrons all,
We hope for *Proof* whene'er we call.
All health, all joy, all peace be yours,
The pride of pleasing you be ours!

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

Quebec Transcript, 1840.

Behold another New Year's day:—
Twelve changeful months have passed away
  Since first *we* wrote for fame,
To us your smiles have, as it passed,
Made each a "Transcript" of the last
  And welcome as it came.

But what, kind Patrons, shall we take
To be our theme to-day and make
  The subject of our verse?
We cannot ask *our* muse to bend
To Politics, or condescend
  Its squabbles to rehearse.

We hold the Politician's schemes,
Lord Russell's plans, Lord Durham's dreams,
  But necessary evils;
We talk of them in prose sometimes,
But in our hearts, and in our rhymes,
We're Literary Devils.

About them many make a fuss,
But things like these appear to *us*
  To verge upon the stupid;
We chant love ditties as we stroll,
And each of us in heart and soul
Is but an Inky Cupid.

Our Ministers and Gracious Queen
Each bent on "Union" now are seen,
  We like the Queen's the best;
And tho' we wish she could prefer
A Briton to a Foreigner,
  We hold *that* union blest.

Of those who think the *other* right
And just and wise, we are not quite
  The foremost on the list;
And yet, we almost wish we were,
For he who seeks to win the fair
  Must be a Unionist.

Dear Readers, if "United," may
Your joys increase each New Year's day;
  And if your bliss be single,
May such sweet Union soon be found
That *Love* and *Bliss* in endless round
  Of happiness shall mingle.

We have a gentle wish ourselves,—
But we are all such modest elves
  That for our lives we cann't sue;—
If you can *guess* it we're delighted,—
And fifteen ugly pence "united"
  Make a most lovely *trente-sous.*

G. W. W. to M. K. 1840.

Remember us ever—remember Quebec,
Remember its virtues, remember its faults;
Remember our dance on the gay frigate's deck,
Remember the people who taught you to waltz:
Remember our picnics, remember our balls,
Remember our moonlight quadrille at the Falls.

Remember your taste of an Editor's evils,
Remember the types and rem ber the press;
Remember the Transcript, re ber its devils,
Remember their neat little New Year's address:
Remember the pleasure of sorting the *Pi,*
Remember your squabble with poor Mr. Y.

Remember St. Giles, and remember your blind,
Remember our drive through the woods all in flame;
Remember poor Memory, riding behind,
Remember our horse and remember his name.

Remember Miss Smith and the cows and the sheep,
Remember the river, remember poor Sweep.

Remember Anne Mocock, remember her face,
Remember the Elephant hung in her room;
Remember the Chaudiere, that picturesque place,
Remember the Etchemin bridge and the boom:
Remember the rain's constant drizzle and mizzle,
Remember our wishing for something like swizzle.

Remember our ice, and remember our snow,
Remember the *Marche-dones*, remember their skins;
Remember our Towns both above and below,
Remember the house where you dwelt for your sins:
Remember the evenings that in it you've given,
Remember the reason we christened it "Heaven."

Remember your neighbours, your friends and well-wishers
Remember the parties at which they all shone;
Remember the Fletchers, the Lindsays and Fishers,
Remember the Natural Steps and the Cone:
Remember this Poem's delightfully clever;
Remember us all and remember us ever.

THE LADY'S ANSWER.

Inserted by permission.

I'll ne'er forget thee, dear Quebec,—thy clear, bright frosty days,
I'll ne'er forget thy carioles, thy bark canoes or sleighs;
I'll ne'er forget thy bitter cold that made our fingers tingle,
I'll ne'er forget thy nice warm stoves, both double, dumb and single.
I'll ne'er forget thy gentlemen befurred up to the eyes,
I'll ne'er forget the strange snow shoes that made them look such guys;
I'll ne'er forget thy martial men, the gallant volunteers;

I'll ne'er forget the' Artillery, Queen's Own or Engineers;
I'll ne'er forget a single star of all the varied throng,
I'll ne'er forget a single ball, a pic-nic, dance or song;
I'll ne'er forget the dear abode of friends sincere and many,
I'll ne'er forget the one I loved the very best of any;
I'll ne'er forget to mourn its fate, its destiny so cruel,
I'll ne'er forget to grieve that it was turned at last to fuel;
I'll ne'er forget the *soirées* there, the gay, the merry joke,
I'll ne'er forget "The time I've lost," nor yet "The brave old Oak;"
I'll ne'er forget sweet Annie's voice, her song "They come, they come."
I'll ne'er forget dear Harriet who always "Loved to roam;"
I'll ne'er forget the witchery, the power of music mighty:
I'll ne'er forget His Majesty "The King of Otaheitee;—
I'll ne'er forget how harmony entranced the list'ning ear,
I'll ne'er forget how all encored my song "The Soldier's Tear;"
I'll ne'er forget the Pleasant Mount, nor e'er the wedding day.
I'll ne'er forget the evening the bride was borne away;
I'll ne'er forget her happy smile, her graceful gentle mien,
I'll ne'er forget the company who graced the busy scene;
I'll ne'er forget good kind papa who did our mirth partake.
I'll ne'er forget, tho' last not least, the charming wedding cake.
I'll ne'er forget my own abode,—beyond St. John's I mean,
I'll ne'er forget its charming site, or beautiful "wood scene."
I'll ne'er forget the troubles that as Editress I knew,
I'll ne'er forget the kindly friend who always helped me through.
I'll ne'er forget thee Canada, the land that rapture wakes,
I'll ne'er forget thy lovely falls, thy mountains or thy lakes;
I'll ne'er forget thee tho' I may not see thy beauty more,
I'll ne'er forget in memory to visit of thy shore.
I'll ne'er forget you, oh my friends, wherever I may be,
I'll ne'er forget to hope that you will aye remember me.

M. K. London, 1840.

BAPTISMAL ADDRESS.

To H L., a Boy.

Your Godfather and Godmother, sweet Baby,
Salute you with a joint sponsorial kiss;—
They send you nothing else just now—but, *may be*
Their loving kindness will not end with this:—
If aught that's nice for ornament or play be
Found in the town the chance they will not miss.
So now, be very happy:—and do, pray, be
Exceeding good,—in virtue place your bliss:
And go to school betimes and mind your book;
Go twice a day to church thro' shine or showers.
At least until you get confirm'd—for, look,
Till then *we* pay for all your wicked hours.—
If you *must* sin, pray sin on your own hook,
And at *your* cost and peril,—not at ours.

AN ORDINANCE RESPECTING ALBUMS.

Friendship calls her special council together.

When friendship heard that Harriet meant
To sport an album, off the sent
Her messengers to summon Wit,
Wisdom and Poesy, to sit
With Music and Design and plan
('Twas thus the writ of summons ran)
How the said Album should be filled
By persons competently skilled.
They came, they sat with due decorum
(Five just made Friendship's Council's Quorum)

They pass an ordinance.

And after grave debate, at last
The following ordinance was passed.

An ordinance for the protection
Of Harriet's Album by th'inspection
By some one competently skilled
Of things with which it shall be filled.

Preamble.

Whereas it hath been represented
That Harriet Fletcher hath consented
To keep an Album which she sends
For contribution to her friends,—
And *whereas* it importeth much
The contributions should be such
As ought in Albums to appear—

An inspector of contributions appointed.

We have in special council here
Ordained, enacted, and directed
Each contribution be inspected
By E. T. F., and be rejected,
If when he comes to look it o'er
He thinks he's seen its face before.

Certain articles prohibited.

And be it furthermore ordained
That no admission shall be gained
By any verses incomplete
In decent rhymes, or short of feet;
Or drawings, where a rose receives
A lily's stalk, and poppy leaves,
Or music which performance mars
By disregarding time and bars:
But, saving this, we will that all
Be taken,—if original:—

Proviso.

Provided that each contribution
Admitted to the Institution,
For reading, looking at, or fiddling,
Be classed as 'good' or 'bad' or "middling"
By the Inspector who shall brand
Such class upon it, out of hand.

And further, that as love in rhyme
Is apt to waste his brains and time,
And Bachelors if let alone
Will rhyme upon no theme but one,
And books of nameless Ladies full
Are apt to be exceeding dull;—
It is ordained that none shall dare
To write on love to any fair,
Unless he prove his passion's strength
By giving all her names at length.

Love verses to nameless ladies prohibited.

Provided always, and it is
The true intent and sense of this,
That it shall be th'Inspector's duty
To find vast wisdom, wit, and beauty,
In each foregoing clause and line
And brand this Ord'nance "*Superfine.*"

Proviso.

BIRTHDAY SONNET.

To H. F., with Cowper's Poems.

A bard unmarried, Harriet, might perchance
A volume of a warmer tone have sent,
Some rhyme of love and passion, some romance
Of hope and fear and joy and rapture blent
But *I* have but an elder brother's voice
To wish thee years and hours of health and peace;
And therefore for a Birthday gift my choice
Hath fallen on one whose numbers never cease
To praise our calmer joys, who was content
With virtue for a theme, and wove a strain
Whose grave rebuke or harmless merriment,

Reproved or laughed at Vice and folly's reign.
Among the volumes which thy boudoir grace
The Sofa's bard may hold a worthy place.

14 December, 1839.

Most gentle Reader,—
Was Cowper's Calvinistic creed all right?
Was I predestined ere I saw the light,
To make and send th' above delightful sonnet?
Were you foredoomed to smile or frown upon it?
Or did his creed err?

THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS.

Quebec Gazette, 1st January; 1847.

Hark! once again the midnight chime,
Hath given a solemn tongue to Time,
And the last tone of yonder bell
Hath bid the vanished year farewell;
Gone like all years before, and cast
In the wide Gulf we call the Past!
Yet that year's influence may extend,
Far hence to time's remotest end,
And future good or ill may fix
Its earliest root in "forty six."
Shall he have cause to grieve or laugh,
Who writes the dead year's epitaph?
Let's see—Her Majesty the Queen
(Whom may God prosper) hath not seen
It fitting in this year to bless

John Bull with Prince or with Princess,
But yet we trust that bets are even,
We've one or both in forty-seven.

Princes, the King of France has thought,
Are getting scarcer than they ought,
And that the royal Crown of Spain,
Might fit a Bourbon's head again.
So sends his sons to fetch the Bride,
With hopes of Crown and wealth beside;
And though the British Lion's growl
Somewhat disturbs the Gallic fowl,
France braves the storms that o'er her lower
And turns for comfort to the dower.
—Cracow, the Autocrats agree,
Had better be no longer free,
And though the Lion threats her foes
And Gallia's Bird against them crows,
Poor Cracow's glory's past away
Till freedom hails a brighter day.

Old Uncle Sam cares nought for this,
Th' affair he thinks is none of his;
And holds it very little odds
Which way old Europe's "balance" nods,
Provided that same balance scheme
Molest not his ambitious dream,
And that no Prince or Queen assume a
Right to the Halls of Montezuma.
For Uncle Sam hath modestly
Resolved that *these* his own shall be.

—Our "balance" here is rather nice
And may be upset in a trice;
Lord Elgin will not find two pins

Of odds of weight 'twixt outs and ins,
So even do their chances seem,
That either yet may kick the beam.
Much work (between ourselves and you)
That Gracious Lord will have to do;
And if he satisfies the claims
Of every party,—if he names
Men to each office, who shall be
From all objection wholly free,—
If he shall fill the public chest,
By means that all shall own the best,—
If he to Parliament shall send
Measures that all men shall commend,—
If under him our troubles cease
And jarring factions work in peace,—
If on the "College question," he
Shall get all interests to agree,—
If BALDWIN shall be hand in glove
With SHERWOOD,—if LAFONTAINE move
A vote of confidence in DRAPER
And laud each Ministerial paper,—
If WILLIAMS' verdict shall attest
The Ministerial "Channel" best,
And ARMSTRONG own that none but Turks
Would vilify the Board of Works,—
If GUGY shall with pen and tongue,
Indite the praise of Colonel YOUNG,—
If editors in Montreal
Shall cease among themselves to brawl,
Until our own old "Glorious JOHN"
Has nothing to comment upon,—
He will, (we speak with all respect,)
Do quite as much as we expect.

Patrons and friends, the bygone year,
Hath left one little score to clear;
Through wind and rain, thro' cold and sun,
Our weary round we've daily run;
From south and north, from west and east,
We've brought the intellectual feast:
We hope some proof that not in vain,
We've faced the wind, sun, cold and rain,—
Some token that our work of love
You've deigned to notice and approve.
CARRIERS LOVE CASH—We say no more;
We've proved your generous hearts before.
And bright and blissful may your New Year be.
From every care and every sorrow free!—

THE NORTH SHORE RAILROAD.

Quebec Gazette, 1847.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I know I have no right to appear in verse more than once a year, and that my time for this year is past; but as I trudge through the streets distributing your invaluable lucubrations to every body, every body *will* talk to me about the Rail-road, and really the poetic fire within will consume me if I do not give it vent;—pray print me then, and I will carry you about with double diligence.

I am, Dear Mr. Editor,
With profound respect,
One of the humblest of your devils,
A. B. C.

What is it that awakes my lyre,
And fills me with unwonted fire?
The thing to which all hopes aspire;
Our Rail-road.

What's that on which we all agree,
Old Nestor * with the "Journal" free,
And Cauchon with the Mercury?
Our Rail-road.

At whose success we'd all be glad,
The Tory, moderate, or the rad,
All sects and sorts (except the mad)—
Our Rail-road.

What will be far the surest plan,
To keep us loyal to a man,
And make us laugh at Jonathan?
Our Rail-road.

What will the provinces unite
In *real* union firm and tight,
And keep us British and all right?
Our Rail-road.

What, if we don't the boon refuse,
Will forward every body's views,
And make us all as rich as Jews?
Our Rail-road.

What will convey our wood and grain
At every season to the main,
And bring us British goods again?
Our Rail-road.

What will the rapid steam-cars dash on
To bring us London's newest fashion,
And gratify dear woman's passion?
Our Rail-road.

* I most humbly crave your pardon, Mr. Editor, for this poetic license

What *may* perhaps do something more,
And to mis-used Quebec restore
The rank she held in days of yore ? *
Our Rail-road.

And then perchance it may befall,
Our † wives shall hear the pleasant call,
To grace Lord Liberal's Castle Ball :—
Dear Rail-road !

Then let us heart and hand combine,
And all in one great effort join,
To urge this wonder-working line
Of Rail-road.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

Pilot, 1849.

Huzza! for the PILOT that weathered the storm,—
Huzza! for Lord Elgin—Huzza! for Reform,—
Huzza! for our Ministers, honest and able,—
Huzza! for the measures they'll lay on the table,—
Huzza! for the Session that's going to be,
The Session the Province is longing to see,—
Huzza! for ourselves, who in prophecy bold,
In our last New-Year's Rhyme, all this triumph foretold,
Proving thus that in gifts, if no longer in name,
The Poet and Prophet are ever the same.

---

* The Seat of Government.

† Another poetic license for *me*, Mr. Editor, but remember I shall be a rich man then (thanks to the Rail-road) and Lord Liberal may choose to forget I was a poor devil once, if he knows I was always an honest one.

Huzza! for the friends that stood steadily by us,—
Huzza! for Lamartine—Huzza! for Pope Pius,—
Huzza! for the Banner of Freedom unfurl'd,
For the good of all nations, the weal of the world;—
Huzza! louder than all for our own native land,
For its cheerful obedience to lawful command,
For the best Constitution the world ever saw,—
Huzza! for the People, the Queen and the Law!
And, huzza! for the men that resist the attack
Of the Communist's doctrine:—long live Cavaignac.
We haven't got *much*, but we'd like to retain it,
Not divide with the boys that did nothing to gain it,
Nor sharing our New Year's emoluments sweet,
With the first ragamuffins we find in the street.
But this is digression,—our present vocation.
Is to deal in poetical vaticination.

The Session that's coming shall ever be blest,
As the longest, the wisest, the greatest, the best:
Mr. Baldwin shall make all our Colleges flourish,
LaFontaine shall justice and equity nourish,—
Mr. Drummond all crimes shall detect and repress,
Mr. Blake all abuses expose and redress,—
Mr. Morin shall charm us with eloquent words,
Mr. Caron shall do the same thing in the Lords,—
Mr. Leslie shall answer all questions and calls,
Mr. Merritt shall give all kinds of *canawls*,—
Messrs. Cameron and Taché make bridges and roads,
In all sorts of places, and all sorts of modes,—
Mr. Viger shall lessen our national debt—
A thing that no tory has ever done yet,—
Mr. Hincks shall make perfect our Representation,
Shall get us Free Trade too, and Free Navigation,—
Shall the duties impose in so charming a way,

'Twill be bliss to receive them and pleasure to pay,—
With such exquisite tact he the Tariff shall fill,
It shall gladden John Glass and please Peter M'Gill ;—
He shall issue Debentures (a marvellous thing),
That shall pay themselves off with the profit they bring ;—
Libel law shall amend that the Press may be free,
And that men may write truth without fear of Gugee ;—
He shall make us all rich :—but if thus we run on,
In foretelling his deeds, we shall never have done.
If you know what is good for our country, you know
What he'll think, say, and do, and—Amen, be it so !

Having thus drawn aside the dark curtain of State,
And unveiled the designs of political fate—
Having speechified from our poetical throne,
Which we hold (more's the pity) for one day alone,
We come to the point, which, in all thronal speeches,
The great end of Government touchingly teaches ;
Tho' a point of vast import in few words it lies—
" Lear Ladies and Gemtlemen grant us Supplies : "
You know what the Carrier's necessities are,—
We'll accept of Debentures, and take them at par !

THE CARRIER'S CAROL—FOR 1849.

Quebec Gazette.

Amid the crash of thrones and flight of Kings.—
The downfall of time-honor'd thoughts and things,—
'Mid violence baffling freedom's brightest hope,—
And the brave efforts of the liberal Pope ;—
'Mid Rebel outbreaks and the fiery gleam
Of Towns bombarded, and Italia's dream
Of adding one more nation to the list :—
'Mid Red Republican and Communist,—
'Mid democratic movements near and far,—
And lurid portents of impending war,—
A year hath passed and ended ;—heaven be praised,
The withering storm hath yet but lightly grazed
Our British Parent, while ourselves have gazed
Untouched spectators of the wreck around,
In tempered freedom safe, by love and duty bound !

True, our funds *are* rather low,
And Debentures do not go
Quite so readily at par
As we could have wished,—yet far
Be it from our thoughts to grumble :
In the universal tumble
We have lost in cash and labors
Less than many of our neighbors :
That is the Province has—for we,
Imps as we are known to be,
With a deep affliction mourn
O'er our lamented Patron's Urn ! *
Would we could raise his cenotaph
And there inscribe this Epitaph !.

* John Neilson.

An honest man lies here,—not falsely bland,
  But kind in very deed and true in heart,
With unbought zeal who served our native land,
  And not for office played the Patriot's part.

Wielding with easy power his trusty pen,
  Keen without gall, without unkindness free,
His aim to raise and serve his fellow men,
  He tempered censure aye with courtesy.

Our country weeps in him her sagest friend,
  The press its ancient ornament and pride;—
In us all mournful thoughts and feelings blend,
  Guide, friend and master lost when Neilson died.

  When in our final *case* we lie,
  Knocked out of *form* and into *pi*,
  May we a like *impression* leave;
  Like *proof* of love may we receive,
  And inky Imps our praise rehearse,
  In honest if in rugged verse!

But we must not be gloomy—the New Year is *come*,
And the Session is *coming*, to make us all glad,
For our Ministers (bless them!), with trumpet and drum,
Have proclaimed that they'll rid us of every thing bad,
And will give us all good things,—a College, and Cash,
And a new Judicature, no second hand hash
But a spic and span new one,—and free Navigation
To make us a mighty magnificent nation,
New Taxes, new Duties, new Incorporation
Of Cities and Boroughs, and new Registration;—
Of Post Office matters a new Regulation,
New Districts, new Counties, new Representation,
New School laws ensuring us Illumination,

New Census Bills giving us new information,
New schedules of Salaries, working vexation
(With a salvo, of course, for their own preservation)
To overpaid placemen, and great tribulation :
New schemes for our Revenue's vast augmentation,
For increasing industrious and sound population
By encouraging Settlement and Immigration,
That is by addition and multiplication ;—
And many more things which need verification !
Don't we wish we may get them ?—no matter ! we'll hope ;—
Who'd have thought Reformation would come ~~form~~ from the Pope ?
If they do all this good and remove all these evils,
We'll all turn Responsible Government d——ls ;
We'll hurra for LaFontaine and Baldwin,—we'll take
The oath of allegiance to Drummond and Blake,—
We'll confess (as the Pilot apparently thinks)
That there *may* be some good in our friend Mr. Hincks,
We'll believe that there's virtue in Leslie and Price,
And that Taché and Cameron are free from a vice.

Patrons, may the coming year
Find and leave you happy here ;
And, life ended, may you be
Happy through eternity.
Do you wish such happiness ?
Seek your fellow men to bless.
Would you, now that cash is rare,
Invest at interest high, yet fair ?—
What's given to the poor is lent
On better terms than cent per cent,—
And on these terms, poor way-worn elves,—
We'll take a *trifling loan* ourselves.

THE STEAM EXCAVATOR OR PATENT IRISHMAN.

The following poem, was written expressly for a young gentleman at Upper Canada College, as an appendix to his *Theme* on this subject; the Ode tho' not strictly Horatian, expresses my admiration for this Invention. I am proud to say that it obtained the applause of Dr. Scadding who marked it as "Good—"worthy of Hildebert."

AD EXCAVATOREM.

O, Excavator nobilis!
O, Machina mirabilis!
Quæ longè antè alias, is, *
Potentior Hibernicis,
In terram fodiendo!

E patriâ Yankeeorum,
Venisti ut laborum
Levamen sis nostrorum,
Et versuum meorum,
Tutamen in canendo!

Te pueri circumstantes,
Te senes et infantes,
Aspectu jubilantes,
Ingenio trujimphantes,
Laudabunt in videndo!

Virtutes, quas narrare,
Nec laudibus æquare,
Nec versibus cantare,
Non credo me prœstare,—
Mirabor in silendo!

* Ab "Eo."

THE CARRIER'S CHAUNT.

***Quebec Gazette*, *January*, 1850.**

Oh! had we a Pegasus willing and able,—
We'd mount him and ride; but there's none in our stable.
So we'll e'en take a hint from balloon-loving Gale,
Who proposes in search of poor Franklin to sail:
Our balloon shall be made out of last year's Gazette,
And our gas be the hope that you will not forget
The poor Imps who have brought it you. (Thanks to our Mayor,
We might get *real* gas if we'd coppers to spare.)
And thus mounting on high, we at 'vantage may cast
A glance o'er the future, the present and past.
We are up—we can see over all FORTY-NINE,
With its good deeds and bad, from the Pole to the Line.
Towards the future, dark clouds seem to limit our view,
But with breaks here and there we shall try to peep through.
We see anarchy nipping young Liberty's bud,
And "baptizing the first birth of freedom in blood,"
Upsetting each landmark and tried constitution,
And rejecting Reform to embrace Revolution.
We see France preaching fraternization and hope
To her brethren at Rome, and—restoring the Pope!
We see Christians engaging in butcher-like work, *
And the victims of tyranny—saved by the Turk!
We see Pestilence march with her death-flag unfurl'd
Spreading fear and dismay o'er three-fourths of the world,
'Till the Angel of Mercy *came* down to their aid
At the cry of the lands, and the Demon is stay'd;—
Now the bright gleam of hope hath succeeded despair.
And man's gratitude breathes in thanksgiving and prayer.

* At the Holy Sepulchre!

Why from Canada last? Hath she none to express?
Was her strait not as sore? Is her thanksgiving less?
But perhaps my LORD ELGIN was waiting to see,
What his fate with the Torontowegians would be.
True, we've plagues enough left, but they're such as we may
With a will and an effort sweep deftly away;
And there's good with the bad:—while we're up in the sky
Both the good and the bad we can readily spy,
And as each meets our view we shall just jot it down;—
We can't handle the globe like Commissioner Brown.
We see our *ovation* crown'd Governor, who
Is *eggregi* (*o*) us Professor of dignified—when!—
With one hand he rewardeth the Rebels who tried
Annexation by force in their insolent pride;
With the other chastiseth the men who are seen
Humbly seeking the same thing by leave of the Queen:
While BEN HOLMES, more consistent, resisted the force,
But applaudeth the thing in its peaceable course!—
We see our Reponsibles handling the pelf
And each taking good care of his friends and himself.
We see the five C's that embellish our City,
Standing each for a Chiseller cunning and witty;
CHAUVEAU, CHABOT and CAUCHON, and CARON,—and then
The great Chiseller of Chisellers, our own CITIZEN.*
Number one is a turbulent, troublesome boy,
But he's not a bad chisel—ask Circuit Judge ROY.
Number two's mode of working was clever tho' queer,
For he chiselled himself into Chief Engineer!
Number three in a Pilot-boat followed the sport,
'Till he found himself out a snug berth in our Port.
Number four most of all by his chiselling gains
Getting rid of the work while the profit remains.

* Robert Christie, Esq.

Number five on economy writes, and on history
With a certain *gold pen* about which there's a mystery:
Standing chief among Chiesllers, aloof and alone,
And doubling the pay of the HOUSE—and his own.
But there *en revanche*, stands our excellent Mayor,
Our four times unanimous choice, whose good care
Hath enlightened our City with Gas, and who sought her
Health, safety and profit, by seeking for water;
(Employing a Baldwin who hated a job,
And so differed in that from reponsible Bob,)
And hath tried party feeling and quarrels to smother
Until cit should meet cit as a friend and a brother.

We see Annexation—But stop, through the cloud
We've a glimpse of the future,—that future is proud.
No stripe sullied flag doth our Citadel deck,
But the Standard of Britain waves over Quebec;
Montreal hath regained her old mercantile fame,
And her sons have abandoned their errors and shame;
Toronto gleams bright in prosperity's sun,
And the trade of the West hath been tried for and won:
Of the tide of good luck the Kingstonians drink;
And the new seat of Government's—where do you think?
We may not tell more,—but it has but *one* seat,
(And that one in the place that's most fitting and meet)
And no more like the softest of members is found
Which between its two seats tumbles bump to the ground.
And Lord Elgin is off—and all parties are tired
Of bemiring each other, and getting bemired;
Even Editors argue, as Editors should,
Not for argument's sake, but for Canada's good
And have found that a Country is little or great,
Not because it's a Colony, Province or State,

But that wise men attain to the end they're pursuing,
Not by talking or begging, but thinking and doing;
That the best of all ways Cape Misfortune to weather,
Is a long pull, a strong pull, a pull all together.
Is this glimpse of the future too bright to be true?—
Ask yourselves,—the solution depends upon you.
We dislike not the Yankees, they're clever and brave,
But the blot on their 'scutcheon's the whip and the slave;
Let them banish the stripes when the stars are unfurl'd,
And their flag may compete with the pride of the world;
With the red cross of Albion it then may go forth
As the banner of freedom, and wisdom and worth.
Let them WINTHROP elect and their Congress shall be
The boast of Columbia, the hope of the free;
Let them list to his counsels, their Eagle shall rise
With his pinions unfetter'd, and soar to the skies.

And now again we rest on earth
And hear the sounds of human mirth:
Seasonable sounds of glee,
Laugh and jest and revelry.
But cold and rough the wind doth blow
And sharp the frost, and deep the snow;
And many in winter's season rude
Lack clothing, shelter, fire and food.
Give them, ye rich ones, to the poor;—
The gift shall large increase ensure,
Returning thus your offered gold
In blessings rich and manifold.
Would ye for mercies numberless,
Your gratitude to Heaven express?
The most acceptable thanksgiving,
Is worthy, holy, Christian living;

And of the Christian virtues three
The chief and best is charity.
Better than penance, prayer or shrift,
Is God's delight, the cheerful gift!
And dont forget, that cold and wet,
Or faint with heat, the CARRIER poor,
Hath toiled his way, from day to day,
To bring your NEILSON to your door,
And cometh now to wish you all good cheer,
A merry Christmas, and a happy year!

THE LITTLE EXHIBITION OF 1854.

A Riddle for M. P.'P.'s of both Houses.

***Sic vos non vobis*—VIRG:**

A little man did make a Gun
A very sorry thing,
The barrel weak, the stock awry,
A lock with crazy spring.

And on the back side of the stock,
A silver plate put he,
Marked "eighteen hundred fifty-four"
And "*Fecit*, L. T. D."

He laid the Gun before the men
Who judge of things like these,
They thought it bad, and yet they wished,
The little man to please.

For twice before in vain he tried,
  The public prize to snatch,
And three long years had toiled away,
  That luckless Gun to patch.

They gently hinted, that they would,
  For some good workmen send,—
Who might in some particulars,
  Stock, lock, and barrel mend.

So said, so done,—those workmen made,
  A barrel sound and slick,
A stock right good, of walnut wood,
  A lock as lightning quick.

But on the backside of the stock,
  That plate you still may see,
Marked "eighteen hundred fifty-four"
  And "*Fecit*, L. T. D."

The little man who feared the work,
  For *his* might seem too good,
Stiffened the lock,—the barrel scratched,
  And scraped the varnished wood.

But still the thing was capital,
  A first rate shooting gun,
The Judges gave the prize,—and all
    Applauded what they'd done.

The little man he struts about,
  As any peacock proud,
Parades the Gun, and shews the prize,
  His boasts are long and loud.

If any man presume to doubt,
  That his the work could be,
He points unto that silver plate,
  And shews him "L. T. D."

The skilful workmen are forgot,
  And few may know their name,
Theirs was the work,—the little man's
  The profit and the fame.

INTERPRETATION CLAUSE.

Put "Bill" for "Gun,"—be wide awake,—
  Thou clever M. P. P.
And tell me who the workmen were?—
  And who was L. T. D—?

M. P. P. thinks a little and then gueses right.

"Eureka" shout,—thou'st found it out.
  Thou cleverest of men!—
Right well I say,—in wordy fray,
  Thou'lt earn thy one pound ten!

THE CARRIER'S COALITION ADDRESS.

Midnight 1854-5—*Quebec Gazette.*

"God bless the master of this house,
And mistress also;
And all the little children
That round the table go;
With their pockets full of money,
And their cellars full of beer.—
And God send you all a Happy New Year."

Tolls that loud bell for fifty-four,
Or doth it welcome fifty-five?
Mourns it the year that is no more,
Hails it the year that's now alive?
Mourns it for England's, France's brave?
Knells it o'er valour's early grave?
Or peals it cheerly through the night
For Inkerman's all-glorious fight?
Tolls it for Elgin who is gone,
And all the good he might have done?
Or greets it him who rules instead,
Our untried, welcome, hopeful Head?

We cannot say—for good and evil
Come now so mixed that we, the Devil,
(Of the *Gazette*) can hardly say
Whether we should be grave or gay.

We would, perhaps, McNab abide,
If Drummond sat not by his side;
And charming Cayley might appear
If Chabot were not quite so near;

(How in silk gown so spruce and new
Will he the Law-Bricklaying do?)
Macdonald would rejoice our sight
If Morin sat not on his right:
Bob Spence would far more pleasing show,
Were he not linked with dull Chauveau;—
E'en honest, jolly Smith looks cross,
Clapped cheek by jowl with blundering Ross.
Is there no chance our British men
Should ever get their rights again!
Is Lower Canada so low,
That her best man is P. Chauveau;
Her lawyers so *extremely* small,
That Drummond overtops them all;
In her wide confines is there not
An engineer can beat Chabot;
Is genius to her clime so foreign
That her first specimen is Morin?
May her good freemen never hope,
  That one or two at least may sit
In council, who mistrust the Pope,
  Nor cringe to Priest or Jesuit?
  Shall our good city never be
  Cleansed of that odious A. B. C.?

Yet there is one unmingled good—
  One shadowless and sunny spot,
Smooth, cat-like Rolph is out and gone,
  To pestle, pill and gallipot:—
However bad the rest may be,
  They are not half so bad as he.

Our rulers have three little Bills
To prop their fame and cure our ills:
They boast of Reciprocity
  And how they'll make the Yankees pay,
But Jonathan's as 'cute as we,
  And *that* may turn the other way.
They boast they've finished the Reserves,
And well they may—but there, methinks,
A greater gun the meed deserves,
The great ten-thousand-pounder Hincks.
  Whipp'd Lewis brags about *his* Bill,
    We might as well be told
  The patient made the Doctor's pill
    That cured him of his cold,
  He swallowed it—the thing was good—
    No man hath e'er gainsayed it,
  He swallowed *well*, but—*by the Rood,*
    He should'nt say he made it.

But truce to Ministerial tricks,
And truce to dirty politics,
  And truce to in and out;
Apart from these, the gentlemen
Are just as good as nine in ten,
  And generous souls no doubt:
So as their Poets Laureate we
Expect from THEM a double fee.

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* NOTE.—The Editor, a modest man, put this in,—our own phrase was more energtic and our rhyme and metre quite as good; but the Editor thought it unpolite, and savouring to much of

THE DEVIL.

To them and all a Happy Year,
A cellar full of foaming beer
  And lots of Christmas Pies;
And if our Budget you approve,
Kind Patrons, then we humbly move
  You grant us the Supplies.

Poor suppliants to your doors we come.
Our *Estimate's* the usual sum,
  But yet we should be glad,
If, seeing beef and bread and wood
Are very dear, you only should
  A moderate BONUS add!

ADDRESS.

The Patriotic Fund Committee for their fellow citizens.

Ye sons of Britain, Ireland, France,
Whose brethren side by side advance
Against the ruthless Cossack lance,
  And freedom's foe;
The wives and orphans of the brave,
Whose valour earned a soldier's grave,
Appeal to you to help and save
  From want and woe.

For they who fell on Alma's height,
Or Balaclava's hero fight,
Or died for freedom, God and right,
  At Inkermann,
bloody. Stretched on the soldier's bier,
Bequeathed you those they held most dear.
That you might dry the mourner's tear,
  As Christians can.

Your brethren strive on battle field,
Who best his country's arms shall wield,
Who first shall force the foe to yield,
Or bravely die:
Strive ye, who first and best shall be
In the great work of charity,
To sooth by generous sympathy,
The mourner's cry.

By Erin's Harp and Shamrock green,—
By bonnie Scotland's Tartan sheen,—
By England's Rose,—by Britain's Queen,
(Long may she live!)
By the red cross your fathers bore
To victory on every shore,
By Gallia's glorious tricolor,—
Give,—freely give.

Give,—and so may the hallowed gold
Return to you a hundred fold,
And blessings and rewards untold,
To you be given:
To succour in their deep distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
Is virtue's purest happiness,
Forecasting Heaven.—

Quebec, 16th January, 1855.

No. 1000.—1*st Session*, 6*th Parliament*, 21-2 *Victoriæ*, 1858.

BILL.

An Act to immortalize certain Members of Her Majesty's Most Ephemeral Government.

First Reading Monday, 16th August, 1858.
Second and Third Reading instanter.

Mr. V. Green.

Nena Sahib, Printer to the King of Delhi.

No. 1000.] BILL. [1858.

An Act to immortalize certain Members of Her Majesty's Most Ephemeral Government. *

FYTTE FIRST.

1. A pleasant game of Fox and Geese
Was played by certain famous men,
'Twas not in Egypt, Rome or Greece,
We wont say where it was or when.

2. Baited with place and power and cash
Sly Renard set a cunning gin;—
The leading Gander's soul was rash,
And twelve great geese at once rushed in.

3. He might have caught at least a score,
For all were eager to be taken,
Only the trap would hold no more.
And so the small ones saved their bacon.

* See the Journals of Parliament of this date

4. One curly gosling seemed to pout,
   And others' eyes the tears ran o'er in,
   That bigger geese should crowd them out,
   And that the trap would take no Mor'in.

5. Those in the trap grew mighty proud,
   And little dreaming of disasters,
   Strutted about and gabbled loud
   And thought they were the Fox's Masters.

6. Not so the Fox—in merry mood
   He laughed to see the wadling rout;—
   He broke no bones, he drank no blood,
   But pulled their prettiest feathers out;

7. He clipped their wings in Vulpine play,
   He spoilt their dream so fair and bright,
   Then turned them out to find their way
   Back to their pen as best they might.

8. Sweet pen! where they with brazen throats
   In oratory used to dabble,
   And daily gain their ninety groats
   By legislative noise and gabble.

9. Alas! the way is hard to find
   And very rough and rude the track,
   And many may be left behind
   And never, never more get back!

FYTTE—SECOND.

10. Who played the Fox and who the Goose—
    In that eventful time?—
    Attend the answer of the muse
    In true and deathless rylime.

11. The Fox a mystery remains,
    NOMINIS UMBRA STAT,
    And people puzzle hard their brains
    In guessing this and that.

12. Some think what seems the Fox's Head
    Vice-regal honours wears ;—
    While others hold that in their stead
    A lawyer's coif appears.

13. Some thing him wrong, some think him right,
    (Those Quidnuncs of the Town)
    Some call him black—some call him white,
    But no one thinks him *Brown*.

14. The name of every goose he caught
    In print recorded was,
    In that great work which may be bought,
    Of Mister Desbarats.

15. And not among them 'all was seen
    A goose of orange hue,
    But some were *rouge*—tho' all were green,
    And now look very blue.

16. And one you'd think could never be
    Entrapped,—he looks so sage,
    And so deep read,—no doubt but he
    Enjoys a *green* old age.

17. The geese uncaught were of all hues,
    Including White, they say ;—
    (Between the reader and the muse)
    The curly goose was Grey.

18. But there are men of other creed
Who hold the Fox a myth,
Like Fellowes' voters,—or a *feed*
By Mr. Speaker Smith.

19. These think the Fox was love of power,
And love of profit too,—
And Dorion's maxim for the hour,
Was—*tout est pour Lemieux*:

20. In short that in ambition wrapped,
Nought heeding wisdom's frown,
Foley by folly was entrapped,
And Brown by Brown done brown.

CONCLUSION.

21. Thus was the game of Fox and Geese
Played by those famous men :—
They were in luck who saw the piece,
It can't be played again.

22. Great geese, ere Agamemnon reigned,
No doubt the ancients saw ;—
No tuneful Poet they obtained,
And died by Nature's law.—

23. Our greater geese through every age,
Like cocks of Gallia *may* crow,
Their names are writ on Clio's page,
NON CARENT VATE SACRO.

IN MEMORIAM.

Old Christ Church.

OTTAWA, 5th March, 1872.

DEAR OLD TIMES—

They are pulling down Old Christ Church. It was not handsome certainly, but it had memories attached to it which the new one cannot have. I, for one, cannot help feeling grieved, and perhaps some lines in which I have tried to give expression to my grief, may find an echo in the heart of more than one old Bytownian: if you think so, you may print them and oblige

Your's most truly,

JANE.

Farewell old Church, where on my infant brow
With solemn rite the mystic sign was traced,
And when my youthful faith renewed the vow,
On my bowed head confirming hands were placed:
Where first I shared the Christian feast divine,
His flesh the bread, the atoning blood in wine:
Before whose altar once I stood a bride,
And where through many a year I knelt in prayer,
A thoughtful wife, with children by my side,
And on my Saviour cast my every care:
Where over ONE the thrilling words were read,
Which when the weary leave this scene of strife,
Console the living, sanctify the dead,
And tell of resurrection and of life.

A fairer fane may rise to take thy place,
Whose broader aisles may own a statelier grace;
Through pictured windows richer light may stream
On moulded architrave and sculptured beam;
From loftier tower the Sabbath bell be rung,
By fuller choirs the swelling anthem sung:—
These will be well—but no new church can be,
What THOU hast been—thou dear old Church to me.

OTTAWA TIMES, March 8th., 1872.

THE ATTACK.

A Lay by a Layman.

(AFTER TENNYSON.)

[" The New Christ Church will contain *six hundred* sittings."]—*Report of the Building Committee.*

I.

Deep in debt, deep in debt,
Deep in debt, deeply,—
Swiftly to ruin's brink
Drift the six hundred.
" Build, build, " the Rector said;
Faint hearts they all obeyed,
Into the clutch of debt
Sank the six hundred.

II.

Now the foundation's laid,
Wise men all stand dismayed ;
But though the laity knew
Some one had blundered,
Theirs not to question why?
Theirs not to reason why?
Theirs but to pay and sigh :—
Truly in slime of debt
Crawled the six hundred.

III.

See all their purses bare,
Filled now with nought but air,
Paying the workmen there,

Paying an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged into carpets, glass,
Grand organ, lamps, and gas;
Native and stranger,
Sickened, discordant mass,
Worn out and plundered:—
Parsons are pleased,—but not,
Not the six hundred.

IV.

Duns rough to right of them,
Duns hard to left of them,
Duns firm in front of them
Threatened and thundered.
Callous to writ and bill,
Swallowing the bitter pill,
Into the Bankrupt Court,
Into the legal mill,
Must go the six hundred.

V.

When will the debt be paid?
O the rash move they made?
All the world wondered.
Pity the error made,
Pity the poor, betrayed,
Hapless six hundred.

R. J. W.

THE DEFENCE.

My Dear "Times."—To-day and to-morrow the ladies offer us a Christmas Tree and other pleasant things in the basement story of Christ Church, and on Friday next, there is to be a very amusing entertainment, at Gowan's Hall,—both in aid of the Organ Fund of the Church. Shall they fail? St. Cecilia forbid; they *must* be a great success; and as poets have a prescriptive right to be prophets, I venture to send you a little poem about them in the prophetic spirit, as if written after the event, but differing from that of another of your poets, who, though a little severe, may have done us, (as I am bound to believe he intended to do), good service by shewing us what debt might lead to.

Ever yours, most truly,

One of the Six Hundred.

I.

"Deep in debt, deep in debt,"—
"Let not the thing be said,"—
"Rouse ye my faithful flock,
"Up and repel the charge.
"Faithful six hundred;"—
Thus our good Rector said,
Cheerfully all obeyed;
Spurning the shame of debt,
Rose the six hundred.

II.

All to their Christmas tree
Thronged with such kindly glee,

Soon it was plain to see
No one had blundered;
Theirs was the motive high,
Theirs was the brave reply,
Theirs was the noble cry,
"Freely our help we'll give;"—
Worthy six hundred.

III.

Then came they one and all,
Crowding to Gowan's Hall,
Answering their Rector's call,
Heaping their offerings while
All the world wondered;
Clergy with laymen vied
Opening their purses wide,
Swelling the golden tide;
Poor man and wealthy
In feeling not sundered,
Giving their best to God,
All the six hundred.

IV.

Croakers to right of them,
Croakers to left of them,
Croakers in front of them,
Vainly had thundered;
Strong in their sense of right
Strong in their cause's might,
Bravely they fought the fight,
Freeing their Church from shame,
From the reproach of debt,
Generous six hundred.

V.

Glorious the effort made,
Heavy the debt they paid,
While the world wondered;
Praise we the victory won,
Praise the work nobly done
By the six hundred.

OTTAWA, December 16, 1873.

THULE OR THULÈ.

The following letters,—inserted by permission,—throw some light on the composition of the Poem in question, and they show too the interest which His Excellency took in the modest production of the Company's Muse, and that he was graciously pleased to

> "Read it by the light of kindness"
> "Through good nature's rosiest glasses,"—

an example which I trust the readers of my "Waifs" will loyally imitate.

OTTAWA, 8 June, 1876.

MY LORD,

If Your Excellency were only Governor General of Canada, I should perhaps doubt whether so dignified a personage as a Q. C. of rather ancient standing, might with propriety edit, or having edited offer for Your Excellency's acceptance the accompanying trifle,—the first production of "The Thule or Thulè Passage at Arms Company (Limited)"—of which I have the honor to be the Editor. But as the author of "Letters from High Latitudes" and more especially of the famous Latin after dinner speech in Iceland, I cannot but hope that Your Excellency will take some interest in our attempt to throw light upon what our Benedictine Friar calls "the weird mysterious Island's name." And Your Excellency, though not a member of the Company, is in some sort responsible for its formation,—for without *The Ball*, there would have been no Britannia among us, and without Britannia no "Passage at Arms," which was a real *bona fide* encounter of the wits of some of Your Excellency's faithful Canadian Lieges, the greater part of them being

of the Civil Service. In proof that one of us (our Friar) is capable of higher things, I inclose a paper * which I had the honor of editing for him some time ago.

I have the honor to be,

with profound respect,

Your Excellency's most obedient servant,

G. W. WICKSTEED.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
OTTAWA, June 10th., 1876.

MY DEAR WICKSTEED,

I am really most obliged to you for having sent me such a charming *jeu d'esprit.*

I only wish Lady Dufferin and I could have been by at the Passage of Arms thus happily rendered immortal. It would however have been as an humble spectator, as I should have hardly felt competent to engage in so learned a controversy.

Yours sincerely,

DUFFERIN.

---

* Our Lord at Bethany, by E. T. Fletcher.

THULE OR THULÈ.

(A PASSAGE AT ARMS IN RHYME.)

Respectfully dedicated to Britannia.

May farthest Thule obey thee.
Tibi serviat ultima Thulè.

THE ARGUMENT.

G. W. W. mentions in the course of conversation "Princess of Thulò." A lady whose excellent impersonation of the character at the GREAT FANCY BALL, entitles her to be designated as Britannia, thinks it should be "Thule, a place in Scotland." G. W. W. very respectfully begs leave to differ. W. H. G. takes up his lance for Britannia and becomes her Knight. G. W. W. fights in his own defence and right. Each Knight mounts his Pegasus and couches his lance.

First Trumpet sounds a Point of War.

If any man respects his school, he
Certainly will call it Thulò;—
But if he owns Britannia's rule,
Why then perhaps he'll call it Thule.

Second Trumpet answers.

When Irish Celts follow the funeral car,
Their grief finds expression in "shule, shule, agrah!"
"Oh Patsy ohone! and why did you die?"
"Shule, shule, agrah," is their wailing cry.
Whiskey and sorrow may make them unruly,
But never, oh never, will make them say "Shulò!"

Now Thule may, I think have a Celtic affinity,
And escape from the rules of your worship's latinity;
So if I should bow to Britannia's decision,
I may very well be on the side of precision;
If her trident won't serve her to govern a word,
Why as to the waves,—it would be quite absurd. (W. H. G.)

First Trumpet sounds again.

Though Britannia's command of the waves may be great
It is very well known that she don't rule them straight;
And her feminine subjects too often complain,
That she puts them to somewhat unwarranted pain;
So now,—with a semi-barbarian Celt
Who won't let their names be pronounced as they're spelt,
She conspires many amiable ladies to tease,
And by cruel cur*tail*ment deprive them of *E' e' s.*
And Thisbe and Hebe and Phœbe protest
That the thought of her tyranny robs them of rest;
And Niobe vows, with abundance of tears,
That Lethe cann't make her forget it for years:
They deny that you give any reason for that
Which you say,—tho'they own your authority's—*Pat.*

Second Trumpet replies.

Second Knight loquitur—pro Britannia.

It tries my patience sorely, to find that all this fuss is
Made on behalf of a pack of Pagan huzzies,
Who, you tell me are given up to tears and affliction,
Because, forsooth, to suit them I won't mend my diction.—
Your Hebes and Thisbes seem their *Ees* to fondly prize!
They spelt them with an Eta (H), or the ancients have told lies,

Then my waves are not straight!—If I ruled not as I do,
Pray, my brave Britons,—what would become of you?
Your seas for protection would not be worth their *salt*,
If my ways of ruling did not cause your foes to halt.
But now I'll say no more than just to let you know,
That when you speak of Thulè I shall still cry, No! No!...
Things must have come to a pretty pass, truly,
Before I consent to call Christmas Yuley!... (W. H. G.)

First Trumpet sounds again a classic flourish.

First Knight loquitur.

You've your dictionary makers, giving words the sounds most fit.
Prove me wrong by any one of them and then I'll own I'm hit
Bring out your big "Imperial" and I'll abide by *that*:
But I'll be———well, say "tridented" before I bow to *Pat*.

Second Trumpet sounds again, a Celtic flourish.

Second Knight loquitur.

When the Greeks to that Isle in the Hebrides came,
Of course they inquired of a native its name;
And the native of native intelligence full
As certainly answering by telling them "Thul;"
But as this was a name that no Grecian would speak,
They added an Eta, and so made it Greek.

And thus I have proved in my logical verse,
That "Thul" is the right name in orthodox Erse,
Tho' the Greeks and the Romans dealt with it unduly,
And by adding a letter transformed it to Thulè;
And Britannia's not wrong when she followeth Pat, in
His pronunciation tho' not Greek or Latin.

First Knight challenges in heroic verse—

I burn to meet thee on the Imperial field.
And throw my gauntlet down, and touch thy shield.

They run a course without serious damage to either; and a Queen of Beauty is appointed to crown the victor: The Lists remaining open—

A Pundit appears on the field.

An aged Pundit passing by
And seeing Knights thus valiantly
Engaged in Arms, did thus discourse:

Such a Pundit as I am can see very clear
That to rightly pronounce the queer word we have here,
To the Court of Analogy appeal must be made,
And judgment when given be strictly obeyed.
This word I here vaunted, by one gallant Knight, ar/
Of Hellenic descent is,—wherein he is right:
But his classic complaisance I e'en must disturb,
By stating I know of a savory Herb
That grows in his garden, wherein he may smell it,
And then, if he pleases, may afterwards spell it.
This herb it is *Thyme*, of good Grecian descent,
Just as good as is that now in hot argument;—
But by *lisping* its *h*, who is there would dare
To smirch the good name of this *verbum* so fair?
And so it is seen, by analogy's law,
That the *h* in the word for which these Knights draw,
Full silent should be never breathing a breath,
But passing a life of dumbnesss till death.

Then, next, I could wish that these Knights simply knew,
That clearly the "double O" sound is in *U*,—
As in "*rule*" it is spoken;—a point though so plain,
That it scarce needs more light from my light-giving strain.

Now, touching the Tail of this troublesome word ;—
"*It wagless must be, like the tail of a bird,*"
Cries one gallant Knight, Britannia's defender;
Whereon I could wish that the Gods would but send her
A Knight better versed in true verbal affinity,
And with more of respect for our Greek and Latinity.

Wagless! or Voiceless! Then why should not Acmè
Be "Ackem" pronounced? A vile thought to rack my
Sensitive nerves and compel my apology
To every student of English Philology.

Having thus with much wisdom disclosed on what *data*
I determine these questions of *verba vexata*.
'T is easy to see to pronounce their word truly,
These *preux chevaliers* should agree upon TOOLEY. (E. F. K.)

First Knight loquitur.

His Trumpeter sounds a flourish.

Mr. Pundit, my ladies you mightily please,
By rightly and kindly protecting their E' e's;
But the rest of your argument's feeble and vile.
For if Thumos makes Thyme, must not Thulè make Tile?

Second Knight loquitur.

His Trumpet sounds another flourish.

And if Thule becomes Tooley, then Thyme should be Thym-ey,
Or your reason's inferior far to your Rhym-ey.

Britannia Loquitur. Superbè.

Sounds Lord Nelson's Trumpet and crushes the Pundit.

My Nelson was christened at victory's font,
By a title which some people all *Duke of Bront* :—
Would you, my good Pundit, have ventured, I wonder,
To call my great Hero, *My Lord Dook of Tunder !*

An Oaten Pipe is heard playing a classic strain.

The Schoolmaster being abroad in the neighbourhood and hearing a row among the boys, thus addresses them :

Young folks let me teach you analogy fails
In matters of language and custom prevails :
So tho' Thulò be Thulè, yet Thyme may be Thyme ;
And tho' Brontò be Brontè, yet Rhyme may be Rhyme.

Poor Pundit, you're hit on all sides, I may say :
But comfort your grief with this saying of Gay,
" The men who in other men's frays interpose,
" Will oft have to wipe a sanguineous nose. "

Sir Caledon Gilder, a splendid Knight in Gold Armour, takes part in the fray, and runs a-tilt wildly, trumpeting thus,—

If dealing in concrete objective reality,
I fear that Britannia's bump of locality
For once is creative and includes 'neath her rule,
A region fictitious, the " Kingdom of Thule. "

True " Mainland " of Scotland to the title laid claim,
But 'twas only in fancy and never by name.
And Borva, where Black has enthroned his King,
Is of Hebridò, east-ward of Scotland's west wing.

We'll deem her in error, and not like her "Leader"
In greed territorial, that titular feeder,
Who thrusts before Europe his "Empress Bill Titles,"
Conservative gnawing conservative vitals.

But the ancients made Thulò the end of creation,
At a time when Scotch thrift had caused little sensation,
And Britannia, mayhap, to their mercantile keenness,
Would accord them the Ultima Thulò of meanness.

But I, as I turn o'er each page of this fiction,
Alight on such rare vivid scenic description,
That I think, of this art, we might not unduly
Pronounce Mr. Black the true King of Thulò. (C. G.)

Chorus of all the contending parties.

We bid you fair welcome, most valorous Knight,
Who have ventured the breaking a lance in our fight;
Your intentions were good and so far you deserve
Our praise, which we give with this only reserve,
That as for your verses, we've analized *them*,
And,—simply, Sir Gilder, they're "*nihil ad rem.*"

An Infantry Soldier appears on the scene.

Pedes, attracted by the warlike sounds, comes boldly forward and thus announces himself a combatant.

Oh! worthy Knights who high on horses ride,
I also in this fray would take a side;
I am no Knight, as my name doth imply,
On my own *understanding* I rely.
The name of Thulè given in times remote,
Doth signify the house of Johnny Groat,
A worthy Scot from whom I claim descent;

(The Scots full valiant are in argument);—
Now though in Scotland 'tis the constant rule
Not to pronounce the final *e* in *schule*,
Or *yule*, or *fule*, or any such like word,
In Thulò the last e *is* always heard.
'Tis known by those who prize old classic lore,
This name is used by one who wrote of yore.
And if you will but read his work sublime,
With Thulò only can you make a rhyme.
Therefore 'tis Thulò that alone is right,
Though Thûle may be defended by a Knight:
And such I will maintain 'gainst any score,
Come they before me on two legs or four. (J. F. W.)

A Benedictine Friar

Startled from hys bookes, looketh out from a windowe harde by, and thus discourseth.

Dilecti fratres, benedicite.
What means this preparation for a fray?
These Knights in armour dight, with eyes aflame,
Girt for the onset?—And this armed dame
Wielding the glorious trident which of yore
Old Neptune gave to guard our native shore:
—A Pundit, too,—a wise and genial talker,—
A Pedes,—or in other words a Walker;—
And, last a Pædagogue;——What *is* the row?
Tell me, good people, what's the matter now?

Thulò or Thule. You tell me this alone is
Fons et origo disputationis;—
The cause of strife and subject of dispute
Lie in this word,—and whether we should view 't
As made up of one syllable or two?

Hence all this clang of arms, and wild halloo,
Hence the air darkens, thunders roll, the ground
Quakes with a dull premonitory sound,
And fierce Bellona, from her dreadful car,
'Cries havoc and lets slip the dogs of war!

Thulè or Thule. When Pythias of Marseilles
(A traveller fond of telling wondrous tales)
Wrote of the far-famed Island in the north,
The' extremest limit of the peopled earth,—
He called it Thulè: so, ~~before his~~ days, in later
Wrote the Cyrenian Eratosthenes;
So also Ptolemy the' Egyptian,
Procopius, another learned man,
And other Hellenists of ages gone,
All named in Facciolati's Lexicon.
Then for the Latins,—come now, tell me truly,
How can you make it otherwise than Thulè,
When in old Maro's Georgicon divine
We find it as a spondee close the line?
And so with every other Roman poet
Adduced by Fatchy,—his quotations shew it.
On classic grounds then surely all agree
The true pronunciation is Thulè,
Or better, if Erasmus we obey
Rather then Reuchlin, then we have Thuley.

But here Britannia's Knight remarks again,
'The word is Celtic, and should so remain.'
But how may this be proven?—Whence inferred?
What Celtic author uses such a word?
Is there a vocable in prose or verse
Like Thule, in Breton, Gaelic, or in Erse?
I know of none. I've wandered to and fro,

With Celts held frequent commune, and must go
Still unconvinced. Let him the fact declare.
If such there be:—I find none anywhere.

How came the word in use? Where all is dark,
Permit me here to hazard the remark,
That in the language of the ancient Finns,
Whose history terminates where ours begins,
Tuli means 'Fire.' In old primeval days,
Sailing far north, perhaps the sudden blaze
Of Hecla flashed upon their wondering sight
And tinged the sky with red volcanic light.
And thus the weird mysterious island's name
Haply from these rude navigators came.
And so,—a mere conjecture,—pardon me,—
I finish with a Finnish theory.

Brothers farewell. I hear the vesper bell
That summons me to—Where I need not tell.
God ye good den. Sit Dominus tutamen.
Laus Deo semper in excelsis. Amen. (E. T. F.)

The Queen of Beauty speaks and makes her award.

Now stop the strife;—let no more bones be broken.
The contest's ended when the Church hath spoken;
Her word is law;—for truth hath ever graced it,—
And victory's crown must rest where She hath placed it.
Yet a fair wreath shall grace the Celtic Knight,
Who against fearful odds maintained the fight,
And proved at least, Britannia *may* be right.
Cease then to deal each other stalwart blows;—
Wipe, learned Pundit, thy sanguineous nose:—
Sir Gilder, if in verse you tilt again,

Do strive to put more purpose in your strain:
And, Pedes, learn that Virgil's work sublime
Which you appeal to,—was *not* writ in *Rhyme.*

And now let every angry feeling cease,
Join hand in hand and kindly part in peace.
I grieve the learned Friar could not wait,
Lest he for Vespers should perhaps be late;—
But I perceive without him we are *eight*;
And were he here, that holy man would tell us,
"Nunc pede libero est pulsanda tellus."
Sound trumpets once again,—*this time* "the Lancers;"
Britannia and myself will both be dancers.
And when that's done, I hold t'would not be bad,
We sought our homesteads in a Galopade!
But first,—march past my throne, and as you pass,
Salute me in the words of Hudibras!

They march past, saluting the Queen with

"Madam, we do, as is our duty,
"Honour the shadow of your shoe-tie,"
And bow before the Queen of Beauty.

They dance the Lancers.—For want of Ladies the Pundit and School-master pair together,—and Pedes walks the figures with Sir Caledon. As they finally go off in the Gallop, the Friar looks at them from the window of his cell, and says: "BEATI PACIFICATORES. AMEN."

NOTE.—The several portions of this little Epic, to which *initials* are appended, were really written by gentlemen whose initials they bear, at Ottawa, Quebec, or Montreal, without any understanding, collusion, or communication, except only of the portions preceding theirs respectively.

IN MEMORIAM *TEMPORUM.*

Farewell dear *Times*, Bray's Vicar of the press,
But not, alas! with his renowned success.
He died a Vicar, *thou* by sad mishap,
Did'st die for lack of patronage and pap!—
Conservative, then Grit, and then again
Conservative, became thy pliant pen.—
But as thou died'st repentant of thy schism,
A very Magdalen of journalism,
We trust thou'st left non-paying work below,
For that good place where virtuous journals go.
I'd write thy *Requiescat*,—but I fear
That super-protestant religious sneer
Would call it "praying for the dead"—and hope
I had not *quite* gone over to the Pope;
And mix me up in that unseemly brawl,
Where Christian priests, unmindful of St. Paul
And of the poet's bitter couplet, * call
Each other ugly names, and each in turn
Inclines to think his brother priest *must* burn
Hereafter,—not remembering that of three
Great virtues, far the first is CHARITY.

How shall I miss thee at my morning meal,—
How at my noon-day lunch thine absence feel;
And how, when weary to my couch I creep,
Without thy *leaded leader* shall I sleep?

* "Christians have burnt each other quite persuaded
"That all the Apostles would have done as they did."—BYRON.

RESURGAS;—may'st thou rise again and find
A larger patronage, more rich, more kind,
Perchance another name;—as Bytown died *
And rose as OTTAWA, the crown and pride
Of the DOMINION, so thy poet's rhymes
Vaticinate that thou as the "NEW TIMES,"
Shalt like a Phœnix rise, and by that name
Mount the very peak of wealth and fame!

W.

4th Session, 3rd Parliament, 40 Victoria, 1877.

SPECIAL NOTICES OF MOTIONS.

April 31st, 1877. | Mr. *Neutral Grey*—Leave to bring in the following Bill:—

An Act to amend some musty old laws,
Contained in some fusty old sayings and saws.

WHEREAS— Preamble. HANSARD, 9th April, 1877.

An ancient proverb, heretofore held right,
Declares *two* blacks can never make *one* white;
And as this saying has of late been spoiled
Of its old force, by party spirit's might;
As both sides handled pitch and were defiled,

---

* Being of a less diffusive turn than Ottawa's worthy Laureate Mr. Lett, I, some time ago summed up the pre-Ottawaite history of the city in this brief and alliterative—

EPITAPH ON BYTOWN.

"Bytown was built by By,—but by-and-by—
Both By and Bytown died, so bye-bye By."

And the good Commons voted *one* was white,
The seventy-two rejoining, "Scriptures show — II. Kings, c. 5.
Who left a Prophet's presence *white as snow:*"
As none decide where parties disagree,
Committees sticking fast at C. A. V.;
As law and practice should agree in one,
And nothing be required that can n't be done;
Her Majesty, considering the facts,
With Senate and with Commons thus enacts:—

1. When either party does a deed of shame, — Mutual whitewash.
The other side may rightly do the same.

2. The *stoning* rule's reversed, and he alone — Stoning rule reversed.
Who's black himself shall cast the foremost stone.

3. The Independence Act is so amended, — 31 V., c. 25 amended.
That these provisions shall be with it blended.

4. May briefly cite this Act, whoever will. — Short Title.
By its short title of "*The Whitewash Bill.*"

Mr. *Verdant Green* will move in amendment, to strike out all the words after "enacts" to "blended" inclusive, and insert:—

All now offenders shall be pardoned when
This Act is law, and held as blameless men
And most immaculate Commoners; but then,
With this proviso, "Do n't do so again."

Mr. *Deep Black* will move in amendment to the amendment to strike out "n't," in the last line.

"Who can come in and say that I mean him,
When such a one as he, such is his neighbour,
Thinking that I mean *him*, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech.
—Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wronged him :—if it do him right,
Then he hath wronged himself;—if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaimed of any man."

—SHAKESPEARE.—*As You Like It; Act II. Sec. VII.*

THIRD PARLIAMENT—FOURTH SESSION.

Scene the Last.—The Coup d'État.

The members meet—the Speaker in the chair :
Æmilius holds a paper with the air
Of one who knows a thing or two; the House
Attentive sits; all quiet as a mouse :—
"Sir, our report on some election cases,"—
The members rise expectant in their places;
The Speaker takes it, hands it to the Clerk,
Who, standing up, reads half a line, when,—hark!
A knock! "Admit the messenger"—no more;
The mace is shouldered, and the session's o'er.
Sir John protesting, does not see the joke;
But his indignant protest ends in smoke,
When Monsieur Frenchman, smiling, cries "Ha! ha!
"*Cela s'appelle un fameux* COUP D'ÉTAT."

OTTAWA CITIZEN of 4th May, 1877. A. P.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY, 1878.

Toast and National Anthem.

THE QUEEN.

The Queen,—this day around the world
As westward rolls the sun,
The British flag shall float unfurl'd
The British cheer shall run.
To her,—the great, the wise, the good,
The Sovereign of the free,—
Each true heart warmed by British blood
Vows deep fidelity.

In her,—our glory and delight,—
We own a right divine;
We'd pour our blood for her in fight,
We pledge her in our wine.
Then fill the goblet high,—to shrink
Were ungallant and mean,
As men we to the Lady drink,—
As Britons to the Queen.

The Queen,—beneath her gentle sway,
With equal rights and laws,
May all her subjects truly say,
They own one common cause;
That cause the common good of all
Who are and who have been
Ready alike to stand or fall
With England and the Queen.

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.

Our Governor General;—long may he live.
From all and to all to receive and to give
All honor and pleasure, as here he hath given
To all and from all hath received;—and tho' riven
The close tie that bound him to Canada,—yet
No time and no distance shall make us forget,
That the trust of his Sovereign was never abused,—
That his powers and his eloquence ever were used
For Canada's welfare,—her sons to unite
In love for their Country, their Queen,—and the right:—
When he goes, can we hope his successor will be
As able, as good and as genial as he?

THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN.

Our heart-winning Countess,—whose kindness and grace,
We can never forget, nor can hope to replace,—
Our Queen of the drama, encouraging still
Our timid beginners with critical skill:
Our pattern in useful and womanly life,
In benevolent enterprize foremost and chief,
And,—to sum up her gifts and her virtues in brief,—
The Lady Lord Dufferin chose for his wife.*

---

* Portia pleading to be admitted to the full confidence of her husband, says,—

"I grant I am a woman, but withal
"*A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife.*"

As the best proof of her worth.—

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

"Shall not thou and I, Kate, between St. Denis and St. George, compound a boy half French half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard?—"

"That Englishmen may French, French Englishmen,
"Receive as brethren,—God speak this Amen.

Shakspeare, Henry V. Act 5.

God save the land we love,
Shower blessings from above
On Canada:
Let her fair fame extend,
Her progress never end,
In her two nations blend,
Britain and France.

Each has a glorious name,
High on the roll of Fame;—
NOBLESSE OBLIGE;—
May we be noble too,
Nobly to think and do,
All to each other true,
And to our Queen.

Fast joined in heart and hand,
Proud of their goodly land,
And of their Sires,—
Let all Canadians then,
Gaul, Gael, or British men,
Sing, with a loud Amen,—
God save the Queen.
Vive la Reine.
Dhia sabhoil a Banrigh.
AMEN.

Some
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NOTES.

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Apology.—Page viii.

Some of my readers may not know the short poem in question or its tragic sequel :—The words are

" When taken, To be well shaken."

The attendant, not having graduated under Miss Nightingale, applies them to the patient instead of the physic. The Doctor inquires after the effect of his prescription and learns the fact: the consequence is dramatically told in the following dialogue :

What! shake a patient, man ;—a shake won't not do.
—No, Sir, and so we gave him two.—
Two shakes,—Odd's curse,
T'would make a patient worse!
It did so, Sir, and so a third we tried.
Well, and what then?—Then Sir, my master died!

Dr. Hall's opinion is requested, on this case.

The poem was short and clear ; but the clearest and best writings are liable to misinterpretation. Think of Galileo, and the authority adduced for bishop-burning and the Inquisition. Even my Waifs might be misinterpreted, but for the great intelligence and kindness of my readers.

"Thou England art my Country and my Home."—Page 10.

This was written fifty-seven years ago. Since then I have been constantly resident in this Country, and have learned " not to love England less, but to love Canada more." I married in Canada, and my children are Canadians by birth. I was born at Liverpool, in December 1799. My father was a member of the Cheshire and Shropshire family of our name. My mother of a Lancashire family by name Tatlock. I came to Canada in 1821, on the invitation of my uncle Mr. Fletcher, who was soon afterwards appointed Judge of the then new District of St. Francis and remained so for 22 years,

until his decease in 1844. I had studied mechanical engineering in England, and was for some time employed in work connected with that profession The *goût du premier metier* is not quite extinguished in me and I still take great interest in engineering matters. But in 1825 I commenced the study of the law under the late Col. Gugy to whose family I had been introduced in 1821, by the late Mr. Andrew Stuart. In the fall of 1828, I entered the service of the Legislative Assembly of L. C. as Assistant Law Clerk, Mr. Willan, Col Gugy's brother in law being my principal. He was afterwards made Clerk of the Crown and Peace, and Mr. William Green became my chief: he died of cholera in 1832, and was succeeded by the Honble. Huges Heney, who eventually got into trouble with the House, *by becoming an Executive Councillor*, and was removed: the late Mr. Etienne Parent was appointed in his stead, but never acted;—the times of trouble came on, the constitution was suspended, and the Special Council for L. C. constituted: and after some time I became one of its officers under the Attorney General Mr. Ogden. In 1841, on the motion of Mr John Neilson, I was appointed Law Clerk and Chief English Translator to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Canada:—and in 1867 to the same office in the House of Commons of Canada, and I hold it still. In 1841 I was appointed with the Honble. Mr. Heney and Mr. A. Buchanan, a Commissioner for revising the Statutes and Ordinances of Lower Canada, with the present Mr. Justice Johnson for our Secretary. In 1854 His Excellency the Earl of Elgin gave me my silk gown. In 1856, I was appointed with Sir J. B. Macaulay, Ex-C. J., and five other gentlemen from Upper Canada, and Messrs. A. Polette, R. MacKay, A. Stuart and T. J. J. Loranger, (all now Judges,) and Mr. Geo. De Boucherville, (now Clerk of the Legislative Council,) from Lower Canada, a Commissioner to "examine, revise, consolidate and classify" the Public General Statutes of Canada. The Upper Canada Commissioners undertook the Statutes affecting their Province, and the Lower Canada those affecting their Province, all the Commissioners undertaking those affecting the whole of Canada. The three Volumes were reported to the Legislature in 1859 and 1860, examined and passed, the Governor being authorized to cause the Statutes of the Session to be incorporated with the work of the Commissioners; which was done for Upper Canada by the Hon. Sir James Macaulay, one of the Commissioners,—for Lower Canada by me,—and for all Canada by Sir James and me jointly. In 1864-5 I was a Commissioner with Ex-Chancellor Blake and Mr. Justice Day for fixing the remuneration to be paid by the Government to the several Railway Companies for the carriage of the Mails. These Commissions were

official or professional. In Lower Canada I had been one of the Commissioners for building the Parliament House at Quebec, and for divers other public works. On the death of Mr. Lindsay, Senior, Sir Geo. Cartier offered me the Clerkship of the Legislative Assembly, but told me the Government would prefer my remaining in my then position, which he considered at least as important He promised that it should be made equally good in rank and emolument; and it was made so accordingly. I have been twice married in Canada, first to the second daughter of John Gray, first President of the Bank of Montreal, and secondly to the eldest daughter of Captain John Fletcher of H. M. 72nd Regiment, then an officer of H. M. Imperial Customs at Quebec and I have been a householder in each of the five Cities which have been the seats of Government. I think therefore that I may now fairly call myself a Canadian, without ceasing to remember that I am English born. I write this brief memoir for the information of my children and my younger or newer friends.

The Fancy Ball at Rideau.—Page 48.

The little article on Lord Dufferin's Ball is out of place as to date, but its subject is so cognate to the *Fancy* Ball in the Parliament House at Quebec that the anachronism may be pardoned. The *Fancy* singers at the Quebec Ball were all Volunteer Officers of the Lower Town. Lord Gosford was himself the most good natured and jolliest of Governors and of hosts

The "Inconstants."—Page 59.

H. M. S. "*Inconstant*" was really the loveliest vessel of the twelve; and tho' the officers of all the ships were, as sailor officers always are, high in favor with the ladies, yet somehow, the "Inconstants" stood first Possibly there was a charm in the name.

Quebec Transcript.—Pages 69 and 76.

The Transcript was a very nice little literary paper edited by my friend Mrs. Grant of the "Stray Leaves," and her sister, (the M. K. of page 78) and printed by Mr. T. Donoghue, their brother: but it was before the age and died young, as things fair and fragile will do.

Page 74.

"The Lord of high pretence" was of course Lord Durham, who kindly commuted the sentence of some of the rebels, and sent them to Bermuda, where of course they were released on *habeas corpus*, and the Lord was called over the coals in Parliament. "Good Sir John" was Sir John Colborne who put down the rebellion with a firm but merciful hand.

Page 93.

The Hon. John Neilson, to whose memory I have here paid the tribute of a few lines, was the first Editor of a Canadian newspaper in English, dating I think from 1769. He enjoyed the perfect confidence of the French Canadians and represented the County of Quebec in the Legislative Assembly until he opposed the 92 resolutions and the violent measures then resorted to, and lost his election: but he was again restored to favour and elected to the Parliament of United Canada in 1841, a sobered man as to some of his former opinions, but a true patriot and a firm supporter of free institutions He was ever my good friend. I have put into the mouths of others what I myself felt on losing him, but I know that they felt as I did.

"Her sons have abandoned their errors and shame."—Page 98.

After Lord Elgin gave the Royal Assent to the *Rebellion Losses Bill*, and the consequent burning of the Parliament House, the annexation feeling became very strong in Montreal, even among the formerly most loyal citizens, and the removal of the Seat of Government did not tend to allay it. It died out gradually, and is now extinct in Montreal as in the rest of Canada.

Page 100.

I have referred to this little squib in my "Apology." The Seignorial Act was passed in 1854. Mr. Drummond brought it in and very ingeniously contrived the Seignorial Court, which finally settled the disputed points relative to the tenure. Mr. Dunkin most ably and zealously explained and defended the rights of the Seignors, and I, with the potent aid of Mr. Hincks,

succeeded in getting the *lods et ventes* abolished, the Seignors being compensated on equitable terms out of provincial funds. Mr. Drummond and his friends wished to apply the government aid to the reduction of the heavy rents exacted by some seignors, but these, if unlawful, could be reduced by the Court: the *lods et ventes*, a fine of one twelfth of the value *not of the land alone* but of *all buildings and improvements on it*, were perfectly lawful, but a hindrance to all improvement and to all free dealing with the land, while they were a constant source of attempted fraud on the Seignor and of vexation to tenant: and no fair terms of compensation by the tenants for their abolition could be contrived, because while they bore so heavily on those who wished to improve or were willing or compelled to sell their lands, they were not felt by others who had their lands from their fathers and meant to leave them to their children. Mr. Drummond for some time opposed the amendment but eventually acceded to it. The Act went into force and was perfectly successful; so completely was every difficulty removed under its operation, that in the Act passed in 1856 for codifying the Laws of Lower Canada, the Commissioners were forbidden to say any thing of the Seignorial Tenure.

"THE GREAT TEN-THOUSAND POUNDER HINCKS."—Page 105.

It is, I hope, unnecessary to say, that this has no reference whatever to Mr. Hincks' income or fortune, but simply to the tremendous weight of metal he carried and the great initial velocity he could give it. Sir John Macdonald brought in the Clergy Reserves Bill and carried it, with the very efficient aid of Mr. Hincks, then an independent member, and not in the coalition administration. "Let both divide the Crown," for both deserve it.—The whole Civil Service of Canada owes a deep debt of gratitude to Sir Francis Hincks for the Superannuation Act, an invaluable boon to every member of the service, and not the less so to the government when wisely used,—as of course it will always be. I never assisted with greater pleasure in preparing any Bill than this.

H. M. EPHEMERAL GOVERNMENT.—Page 108.

This was a Conservative *Coup d'Etat*. In his late Pamphlet "A Constitutional Governor" Mr. Todd records it thus:—

"In 1858, upon the defeat of Mr. John A. Macdonald's ministry, by an adverse vote in the Legislative Assembly upon the question of the Seat of

Government, the Governor General (Sir Edmund Head) appointed the Brown-Dorion administration. Before the new Ministers had taken their seats, or announced their policy, the Legislative Assembly passed a Vote declaring a Want of Confidence in them. They then requested the Governor to dissolve parliament. His Excellency acknowledge his obligation "to deal fairly with all political parties: but (he considered that) he had also a duty to perform to the Queen and the people of Canada, paramount to that which he owed to any one party; or to all parties whatsoever." He therefore declined to dissolve parliament at this juncture, for stated reasons, and especially because a General Election had already taken place within a year. Upon which Mr. Brown, on behalf of himself and his colleagues, resigned office, and the late Administration was recalled."

But he does not give the picturesque movement from which the incident received (from its opponents) the name of "*The Double Shuffle.*"—The law which required that a member accepting office should resign and go to his constituents for re-election, had a proviso that this should not apply to Ministers resigning one office and accepting *another*, also ministerial, *within one month*; so while the game of 'Fox and Geese' was in progress, a little game of 'Puss in the Corner' was played on the other side;—each of the old ministers accepted another office than that he had before held, and then resigned *that* and accepted his old one again. And lo! each appeared in his old place in about a week: and there is no doubt that they were within the law. The question was mooted in the House (in the case of Mr. Sidney Smith) on the 7th July and decided in their favour. The same proviso is repeated in the Dominion Act 31 V. c. 25: but—in the Bill of this Session words are added excepting the case of a change of Administration.

"Ninety Groats."—Page 109.

Equal to thirty shillings or six dollars, the daily pay of a member in those times,—expressed in terms cognate to the subject.

"Fellowes' Voters or a Feed, &c."—Page 111.

The Voters were of the *fancy* kind: the feeds, if not *quite* so, had at least the angelic quality of infrequency.

Old Christ Church.—Page 112.

A copy of this little poem lies in the hollow of the corner stone of the new Church. Archdeacon Lauder saw it in the *Times*, and liked it. Without knowing whose it was, he printed it at the end of his last sermon in the old Church, and the sermon and poem lie buried together in that stone.

Epitaph on By-Town—Page 132.

Mr. Lett and I cannot be jealous of each other.—I don't know whether he likes my brevity, but I delight in his powers of amplification. His force and fire almost make one imagine he writes by steam, his engine being of course high pressure and *non-condensing*. But his sentiments are noble and patriotic and his style earnest, vigorous and manly. *Magis magisque floreat.*

The White-Wash Bill and Amendments.—Page 132.

The House eventually passed the Bill, substantially in the form suggested by Mr. Verdant Green, without the Preamble, but with the Proviso "don't do so again"—Mr. Deep Black's amendment finding no seconder. Many members have since resigned under its provisions, and almost all of them have been re-elected. The Act says nothing about profits (if any) obtained by the violation of the law, leaving the question open, as a matter of conscience on which Honorable Members could scarcely have any doubt. Hamlet's Uncle had a very strong opinion on the point:—

> "Then I'll look up,—
> My fault is past—But oh what form of prayer
> Can serve my turn:—Forgive me my foul murder!
> That cannot be, since still I am possessed
> Of those effects for which I did the murder,
> My Crown, mine own ambition and my Queen:—
> May one be pardoned and retain the offence?"

Hamlet Act 3. Sc. 3.

C. A. V.—Page 133.

For the benefit of unprofessional gentlemen I explain, and for that of non-cerulean ladies, I translate. The letters stand for *Curia Advisare Vult*, the court wishes to deliberate: and mean, that the judges are puzzled and don't exactly know what to say.

The Coup d'Etat.—Page 134.

This was a Reform Coup d'Etat and a very clever one. It would never have done to allow Mr. Irving to make his report. Like the Conservative one immortalized on page 108 et sequ. it was perfectly within the law, and saved a wonderful amount of trouble and confusion.

Ottawa, St. George's day, 23 April, 1878.

t would never
e Conservative
the law, and